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# IMAGE OR ILLUSTRATION?

By Rev. R. S. Macnicol

*'Even if we were to set up a perfect Jesus Christ in India today that would not save India. . . Christianity is not perfection.'*

Sometimes when I think of what is going on in this unhappy world, it seems to me that men are like children wandering about looking for something that they have lost. They seek that lost thing everywhere, by every possible means, and yet all the time they are not quite sure what it is that they have lost. Sometimes men call it 'peace of mind.' Sometimes they call it 'happiness.' Sometimes they think of it as 'the meaning of life.' But whatever it is, they have certainly lost it, and cannot find it, wherever they look

The Bible doesn't call it happiness. It doesn't say much about 'the meaning of life.' It is not very interested in 'peace of mind.' Yet I think this strange lost thing is mentioned in the Bible, but only at the beginning, because the Bible doesn't give us any hope of finding it. The Bible calls it *the Image of God.*

And I believe that nations and individuals today are unhappily, or passionately, or wistfully trying to seek for the lost Image of God which was once in man, but which has now been hopelessly lost Far back in that distant moment when man became man under God, the Creator did put His image in man, His character; but man used his freedom to abuse it, he twisted it, and made it so that today it is like a cracked mirror giving partial reflections, glimpses of light and shadow, something that we are no longer able to recognise, something in fact which sadly deceives us. Since *sin* entered into our human family 'by man's first disobedience', the image has been marred, destroyed.

The Bible, except in the first part of Genesis, never again speaks of the Image of God in man. To the Bible all images are abominable; they are misleading, they are devilish.

In searching for that lost image, the Bible says that men 'change the glory of God' into some thing corrupt. All *our* efforts to restore that Image in ourselves result in something devilish and abominable. It is not that we would nowadays set up graven images, or worship them. It is nothing so simple as that But do we not sometimes seek for popularity, seek for admiration, for ourselves? Even our Christian life, do we not *imagine* (make an image of) something that we and others must live up to.

The world wants us to admire and to be admired It wants us to show that we are better than others, that India is a nation to be admired, that the American way and the British way are better than the Russian way, or some other. But the world will never be changed by admiration. Even if we were to set up a perfect Jesus Christ in India today, or a Church that is perfect in its honesty and in its love, that would not save India, or change the world. Men would admire it,—and despair Men would admire it, and fear and destroy it All such images—such idealistic *imaginations* however beautiful—are man-made, and therefore corrupt, and they can do nothing except corrupt ourselves.

But the New Testament has another way of describing the Church ; the family created by the Love of God. Here is St. Paul's description of himself, as he writes to his friend Timothy

*'Though I am the foremost of sinners, I obtained mercy, for the purpose of furnishing Christ Jesus with a supreme proof of his utter patience, a typical illustration of it for all who were to believe in him and gain eternal life.* (I. Tim. 1, 15–16. Moffatt's translation.)

The family of those who love Christ, the Church, is not an *image* but an *illustration.* Now an illustration does not need to be an exact likeness. An illustration is something which *lights up* your story, which makes clear your discussion or your problem. It doesn't necessarily explain everything, but it throws light on everything. And that is what the Church is called to be and to do at all times.

1. It is to be an illustration of Christ's utter patience Everyone could see that St. Paul was a new man : that was obvious. But to see *how* this had happened, that was the real illustration, that showed God's love and power. To see what it had cost God to make Paul a new man, through the patience, the suffering and power of Christ. Is your life an image to be admired, or is it an illustration? Does it throw light on how sin can be conquered and transformed into right living?

2. Again, it is to be an illustration of what *believers* are, in Christ. Christianity is not perfection, it is transformation. It is people becoming different because of something dynamic, something vital. A crisis comes along in our social or national life,—some crisis of dishonesty, or of injustice ; and *then* it can be seen who are the believers, and who are not. For some men and women at least, act promptly because they have God's dynamic design in their lives. They are not swept away by the crowd, they do not hang back ; but gaily and gracefully they move together into action, directed by the power of the living spirit.

3. And finally they are an illustration of a free society. When men talk wistfully of freedom, what they really mean, what they seek, is something which the New Testament calls *eternal life,* the quality of life which gives man an indestructible freedom.

Long, long ago, three free men were condemned to death for not worshipping the image of Nebuchadnezzar the Emperor. They knew that the worship of that cracked image of God could only mean slavery. And all down history, from Nebuchadnezzar to Hitler, men have had to face and to fight this kind of slavery ; for the broken image of God in man cannot ever bring men to freedom.

But freedom comes to those who like St. Paul have become an *illustration.* Because the light of Christ is shining on St Paul, he is quite honestly able to say 'I am the chief of sinners.' When the Church becomes an illustration of God's patience, then it is able to admit when it is wrong, face its sin and ask for forgiveness. And that is the one thing that man, by himself, is quite unable to do.

Today in the U.N O. we hear the nations blaming each other, and erecting golden images of themselves. But when they become willing and able to look at their own faults and admit them, there is the way to freedom and to unity in the world. To be an illustration instead of a golden image, that means that Christ's light has shone with healing painfulness within our society, revealing and cleansing our class-prejudices, our corruption, our social evils. Can the Church,—ourselves,—become a body that is such an illustration, in which the light of the truth falls upon our own sins, our country's sins, in such a way that they can be dealt with by men who are led by God? A nation that can recognise its own sinfulness is on the way to freedom.

And this begins with all of us here together. We cannot glorify God *and* our own goodness We may make ourselves into a fairly attractive community by our own efforts, but if we are only that we shall never be the transformed community,—the Church that is to change the world. Only if we learn together to be an illustration of Christ's utter patience and power, shall men see the grace and truth by which alone the world can live.

24 ... 1949

# IN MEMORIAM

## M. S. SABHESAN

The late Mr. M. S. Sabhesan was a born educationist. As a teacher in his subject (Botany) he was unrivalled. Leadership of the Profession to which he belonged came to him as a matter of course and he filled it with eminence and dignity.

It was in 1913 when I joined the Christian College as an undergraduate that I noticed his short, active figure, attired in rather loose trousers, coat and turban, ascending the staircase day by day leading up to the first floor of the new block of buildings of the old College at George Town. The Botany Room in which he stationed himself during the day was one of the best ventilated rooms of the old College. In it were housed in attractive show cases the botanical specimens which the energetic and enthusiastic young Sabhesan gathered round him to inspire and guide him and his students in their researches and studies. Of this I am not competent to write, but the legacy he has left behind in the new premises in Tambaram including its design bears eloquent testimony to his unstinted devotion to his Muse and his unerring judgment in selecting and arranging specimens useful for his work.

In 1917, when I joined the staff of the College, I came into personal contact with Mr. Sabhesan. He was then my Senior by a few years and had attained to the highest status open to the Indian members of the Staff, viz., Senior Lecturership. Mr Joseph Muliyil, Lecturer in English and Malayalam and Mr. O. Kandaswamy Chetty, Lecturer in English, were among the oldest members of the Staff who mixed freely with the younger members in the Lecturers' Room and shared with them many a happy memory and cracked jokes. And when the idea of starting a Lecturers' Association was mooted, Mr. Sabhesan helped in its formation and he was elected as its first President. It was then a formative stage in the evolution of the status of the Indian members of the Staff of the College. It was in no small measure due to the wisdom, tact and ability of Mr. Sabhesan that the Lecturing Staff as a whole attained to a position of respect and consideration at the hands of Senatus which was then almost wholly manned by the European section of the Teaching Staff. Successive Principals of the College consulted Mr. Sabhesan on points affecting the interests of the College in general and lecturers in particular And when the Administrative Board replaced the old Senatus he was naturally offered a seat in that body. One remembers with gratitude the part that Sabhesan played in conducting negotiations on our behalf regarding the status and emoluments of Lecturing Staff. The utter disinterestedness of the man, his moderation and his capacity to see the point of view of the authorities as well as his own and a spirit of compromise made him an ideal negotiator and I believe that his personality played no small part in raising the status of the Lecturing Staff.

When the Madras University Act came into force and the teaching staff got the right of selecting representatives to the Academic Council, Mr. Sabhesan was sent to that office for two consecutive terms by the unanimous vote of the Lecturers. In that capacity he threw himself heart and soul into the task of academic reconstruction With the help of ardent reformers like himself, like the late Mahamahopadhyaya Kuppuswami Sastriar, he formed a sort of official opposition to the Syndicate and contributed not only to the liveliness of debates in the Council but also to constructive reform of University education in the Province. Though he often played the role of a critic, he did so with knowledge, discrimination and with no malice. He commanded the love and respect of his colleagues in the Council as well as of the authorities of the University.

When the College was about to shift to Tambaram Mr. Sabhesan helped to organise

(*Continued on page* 50)

# THE SCIENCE EXHIBITION

A glance at the pages dealing with the societies in the College Calender showed us that the first Science Association in the College was formed in 1899. Golden Jubilees do not recur in the history of any body and we thought of celebrating it with an exhibition. The decision was taken in August, not without misgivings but with a determination to get something worthwhile done. There have been spectacular exhibitions in the recent past, which perhaps involved a lavish expenditure that we could not contemplate, but we felt confident, and the more enthusiastic among the students felt certain, that we should put up a grand show. Till the September examinations were over, there was very little to indicate in tangible form the coming event; but the commencement of the Michaelmas holidays brought with it feverish activity and also quite a few anxious moments through truant volunteers.

An event of this kind has to be ushered in with some fanfare and we had to search for a distinguished victim to open the show. Thanks to a timely intervention by Dr. Boyd, a distinguished former member of the Science Associations and the present Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, Dr. Sir A Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, agreed to come at the early hour of 8-30 a.m. on the 7th of October to open the exhibition This he did after a crisp speech—of which there is a precis elsewhere in this number of the magazine—in the fully packed Anderson Hall. The V. C. was delayed by road repairs, such as could perhaps effectively reduce the speed of an invading army, by judicious tyre bursts at inconvenient spots. Anyway, in spite of a delayed start of half an hour, there was a rush to the entrance even in advance of the chief guest of the day!

In his foreword to a guide that had been got ready for the occasion, Dr. Boyd had remarked that 'We visitors, therefore, are means to an end, not ends in ourselves, we are in fact the material of an experiment which aims at ascertaining, by the observation of our reactions, whether the exhibitors have attained the standards they have set before themselves.' When we look at things in retrospect, we feel that we have each one of us learnt a good deal more. If a future exhibition is arranged in the place, we are confident now we can make it better both on the scientific side and the spectacular aspect. The exhibition turned out to be a successful experiment—not in the sense of the medical bulletins that speak of a successful operation after which the patient died—on a fairly large scale which can stand repetition.

The two days of the exhibition could be described as an important social event in Tambaram, particularly in the college campus where the visit of thousands of persons is certainly not a normal feature. For two days the quiet of Tambaram was disturbed but not in any unwelcome manner School children by the hundred, 'students' of science both internal and external, laymen and quite a few that have not entered the portals of school or college came in steady streams past Selaiyur Hall to spend a couple of hours—which ultimately extended to a very much longer period—learning and/or enjoying all that the exhibitors tried hard to put across to them. Everyone, even the critics, left the premises satisfied but physically tired, not being accustomed to stand for so many hours much less to attend so many lectures!

The exhibitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves in carrying out their appointed tasks, even the truants who ultimately turned up before they could be turned out as being too late. Mention should also be made of the patient volunteers who stayed on in their posts of duty doing the uninteresting task of regulating the oneway traffic inside, sometimes in places where very few attempted to go astray. Of course, it was not all a dull affair, a few attempting to misuse a

volunteer badge, and some parents losing sight of their children.

Radio Tambaram contributed to the noise of the occasion as far as it was permitted to do so, by obliging volunteers who chose to keep the radio sets tuned on in the different corners of the building. Its silence did not, however, diminish the prevailing noise to any appreciable extent. With volunteers crying hoarsely to put across to the visitors, inquisitive or otherwise, all that they had studied up for the occasion, a few voluble visitors and the inevitable bustle in a crowd which had at times to be urged forward, we had our full quota of the sound expected on such occasions Every laboratory had its own casualties in the shape of broken apparatus but with the large amount of fragile ware, we have to be thankful that the loss was not greater.

Discreet queries about extending the exhibition were received but we had to regretfully refuse to entertain all such wishes. One can have too much of enjoyment and, after all, we had to get down to work. The clean-up naturally took up a very much shorter time than arranging the exhibits and very soon the celebration has become something of the past. We have had a successful two-day Jubilee celebration and viewing in retrospect, it was worth our while arranging the exhibition and getting visitors from outside to join us in our festival.

S. V. A.

## PHYSICS SECTION

I do not particularly relish writing reports; therefore I shall try to present the matter in a more interesting form!

As a volunteer, I had ample opportunity to see and enjoy the whole exhibition at leisure, learning much perhaps-not-very-useful knowledge at the same time As Secretary of the Physics Society, I also had the privilege of seeming important in 'my' department, helping here and there As a worker in the laboratory on the two big days, I imagined myself doing at least something of use to our visitors, in any way something active! For the most part, like most other busy-body volunteers, I had a happy, if tiring time, talking myself slightly hoarse as the 'programme director' of Radio Tambaram, 'calling on 300 metres, in the one megacycle band.' Whenever I felt so disposed, the mike was gratefully taken from my hand by our many 'Guest artists on the request programme', skilfully edited by that indomitable Selaiyurian, E. L. Samuels!

In brief, I could describe things with a few descriptive adjectives The Natural Science section was clean, quiet, well spaced, in contrast was noisy Physics, dirty Chemistry and crowded Mathematics.

Since I am to write more on my own section, and since I do not intend to give a detailed inventory of all there was—that was done in the guide book anyway—I shall take one of my visitors around the Physics laboratories But first, I shall speak of the day before.

Many visitors will have left this part of the exhibition with the knowledge of having seen some, at least, of the fundamental text book experiments demonstrated before them, others, not gifted with much physical know-how, will have wondered at the mechanism of it all, while a few, surely, appreciated the effort and love put into the preparation of it all—and of the exhibition as a whole!

On the Thursday I had nothing particular to do except to amuse myself at keeping the ping pong ball on the water jet, and so flooding part of the lab unduly. I saw the effort behind that brooding duck brooding her breed (or should it be breeding duck breeding her brood?) The mechanism had been set up, but it did not work so well. Trying to adjust the spring only made matters worse! but later, with suitable manipulation, and a well suspended duck, the experiment worked. Meanwhile, the eggs had to be manufactured that too took time, and I still wonder how the idea of peeled tubers presented itself!

All was bustle that day, nothing was apparently complete, nothing properly assembled. Most of us had a fine time, assured that someone was doing the work. Even so, upstairs we were glad to have a fan, albeit only for experimental purposes.

Next morning, by dint of feverish preparation from the early hours, nearly everything was ship-shape, though of course there were alterations and improvements throughout the day. Away in the far corner of the Inter Lab someone practised Jana Gana Mana to the accompaniment of harsh music from Radio Tambaram.

My visitor having arrived, and all being in full swing, I started on a round of the Physics section.

Noise predominated. Radio Tambaram nearly drowned the disc siren feverishly turned; the volunteer demonstrating optical effects was hardly audible. Every now and then the drone of the gyrostat motor came over the air by dint of its own wireless waves. No wonder they switched us off pretty soon, and we continued to make only useless announcements!

The beam motor banged, the morse keys ticked. A poor fish was trying hard to get back into water (hypothetical) in an orgy of sparks. The section was amazing, a little frightening. Did one not get a shock trying to be the possessor of a fine flower!

Next door, my visitor stood open mouthed at seeing the volunteer take sparks from his hand, light a discharge tube by mere contact, to the din he added by the crackling of sparks over the Tesla coil. On the other side there were noises of voices and tuning forks as every one wanted to see what sound looked like in an oscillograph. But most deafening was that gyrostat motor, helped by Radio Tambaram at full blast and the amateur station VUZAC, loud on jazz. Every now and then that frightening ack-ack alarm went off to complete the atmosphere.

We escaped all this din thankfully, not conscious of what was to come!! We were in for hot and cold treatment and no one was allowed to pass that in a hurry!

After a quick ascent of the stairs, we were collared by the mathematics students all sunburnt—who took enthusiastic pains to explain all the phenomena of sun clocks and sun spots with length and persuasion. However the visitor tried to hurry, the more were the explanations! At the tail end of all this volubility, we found ourselves relieved on our way to the contrasting blackness of the laboratory dark room.

There, amidst crowded humanity and freely flowing perspiration, the physics volunteers were in close league with their mathematics brethren in giving the visitor his money's worth, what with ghosts, setting and rising suns and other creepy illusions. Perhaps it was even a relief to see one's future looks in the skull flash!

No sooner had we left this spot, than noise again overtook us—this time it was that of breaking glass and smashing wood, as some one worked the Brahma Press or Faraday's vacuum tube. To complete the strain, the eyes were directed at non-parallel parallels, crooked squares, magic taps. The usual radio accompaniment was not lacking!

Hoping for relief, we made our way across the corridor, and peered for X-Rays which took an age in coming, we convinced the earnest volunteer that there was darkness in the middle of his spectrum, to finally enjoy the cracklings and the colours of the varied discharge tubes.

Overcome with all the auditory effects, we at length reached the next section. Here, amidst the equally voluminous explanations of the ever willing volunteers, we found slight rest for our tympana, and wonder for our corneas: but that is not for me to expound on!

Let me hope that all the noise has, at the least, drummed into us some of the elements of science!

G. FRIEDMANN,
*P. G. I. (Gr. ii)*

# A LAYMAN'S VIEW

Apart from their academic and technical interest, events like dramatic performances and exhibitions have one welcome effect—they help to break the monotony of the otherwise drab routine of college life. Though we, the un-initiated, have as much curiosity and eagerness to understand the latest in atomic structure, relativity and X-ray analysis as the astutest scientific mind in the college, we need not blush when admitting that our interest lay, to a great extent, in taking a couple of days off. I hope when saying this, I am neither betraying ourselves, the laymen, nor minimising the importance of the work done by the sponsors of the exhibition. In fact, what I am trying to do is to pay a nice compliment to them in as much as they managed to give a holiday spirit to the whole proceedings by carefully mixing the serious aspects of science with the gay. May be, this was partly due to the colourful spectacle provided by the volunteers in their smart tweed-pants, with their captivating smiles and elegant manners. But they somehow managed to do that and our debt to them is great.

As all of us know, the exhibition was organized to mark the Golden Jubilee celebration of our Science Association. They could not have done it in a more fitting manner The subtlest and latest scientific facts were brought to the understanding of the average student and visitor through a series of illuminative explanations eagerly provided and illustrative film-shows. Thanks to them, we now know that it was Mendeleejeff who first classified the elements and that the atom consists of a nucleus and an electron rotating round it. We also know, what poor Euclid failed, in his limited knowledge of mathematics, to understand, that all geometry is not two-dimensional * Oh, we now know a whole lot of other things like vivipary in Angio-sperms and plant albinisms, things which we could not have thought of in our wildest dreams.

To go into a detailed account of all the various departments of the exhibition is outside my province. What the layman is concerned with is the total effect, which was on the whole pleasing and satisfactory. This in spite of that minor electric shock received from the physics section and the confusion and chaos of their dark-rooms in the same section, especially when a mixed crowd was present One's feelings on reflection are of profound admiration towards the sponsors—and, lest one be false to one's conscience—a bit of irritation at various slight inconveniences which could definitely have been avoided. The volunteers impressed one by their abundance and colour rather than by co-ordinated action. But as it was, the sponsors of the exhibition have done a good job. Considering the short time at their disposal and various other technical inconveniences, what they did was commendable indeed. Most of the exhibits and experiments were of a high order, as far as we could judge Those worth special mention seem to be, the explanation of the structure of the atom in the chemistry department, radio transmission and sound and *ultra-sonics* in the physics department, the charts, diagrams and the 'Tree' explaining organical evolution in the Zoology department and plant evolution in Botany department The above items have been listed as representative; there were many other interesting and amazing exhibits which limitation of space does not allow me to recount One could not but be impressed by the care and discernment shown in the arrangement of things and the lucidity with which everything was explained. Our hats off to Dr. Ananthakrishnan the convener and also the members of the exhibition and student committees.

Finally, one remembers with relish the appropriateness in having arranged a canteen and cool-drink bar within the exhibition premises. Occasional sips of ice-cold beverages gave a sharp edge to one's scientific curiosity and made one smugly self-confident about the most baffling scientific paradoxes.

M. UNNI KRISHNAN

* Actually Euclid's 'Elements' includes three-dimensional geometry, and non-Euclidean geometry can be two-dimensional.

# MATHEMATICS

The reopening of the college was marked by the unusual enthusiasm and industry of students. Many had been working during the vacation for the exhibition, and many others were busily preparing exhibits just a couple of days before it began. Students of Mathematics belonged to the latter category, and many, though not all, mathematical exhibits were prepared during the last few days

'A unique feature of our exhibition is the section on Mathematics', wrote the convener, in his Introductory Note in the Guide Book. This unique section decided upon showing the visitors, not the fundamental or the most important propositions in Mathematics, but the general lines along which a mathematician proceeds. The mathematician is always interested in the uniqueness of things With this purpose in view, the exhibits were made. A concise and lucid explanation of the exhibits was given in the Guide Book and no attempt will be made here to do it again. However it will not be out of place to mention a few things about the exhibits.

There can be only five regular solids--the proof is so simple it was given in the Guide Book Our exhibits showed these five solids and the projections of them on the circumscribing spheres The projection of the cube and octohedron was shown on one sphere and the projection of the dodecahedron and icosahedron on another sphere. These were seen and understood with interest by many visitors.

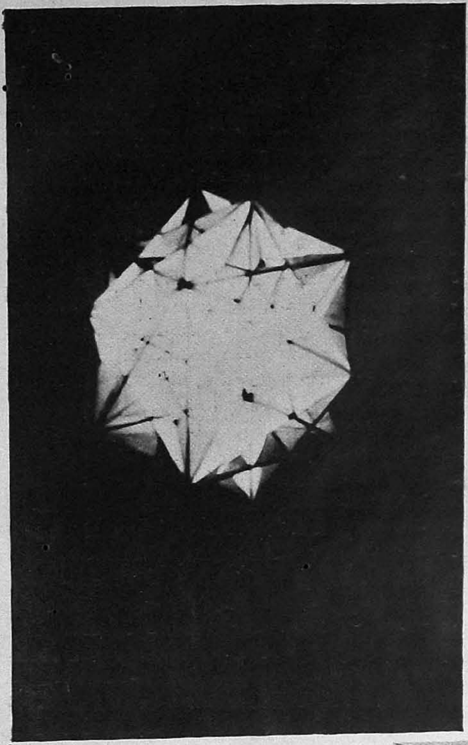
The exhibits in Topology amused most, if not all, visitors. Topology is a modern branch of Mathematics which deals with properties of figures which remain unaltered when they are continuously distorted without tearing or joining. A simple closed curve (which looked very complicated) and a non-simple closed curve (which looked very simple), were shown. The difference between the two lies in the fact that a simple curve does not cross itself at any point whereas the non-simple curve does. The problem of 'colouring a map' was presented. It has been proved that any map, which has been divided into a number of regions, can be coloured with five colours in such a way that no two regions having a common boundary have the same colour. It is believed to be always possible with four colours, but this has not been proved or disproved so far. The corresponding problem for the torus or anchor-ring has been solved. We exhibited a torus which seven colours are required to colour. The Mōbius strip, which the mathematician calls a 'one sided surface' provided an interesting exhibit to children and grown-ups as well People were seen crowding round the table as the volunteer cut it along the middle and got not two but only one strip.

D'Arcy Thompson's transformations which transformed the circular face of a man into a parabolic or elliptic face were seen with curiosity.

Other exhibits included magic squares, a triangle with eight of the circles connected with it, some geometrical patterns found on the tomb of Itmad-ud-Daula at Agra, Hyperbolic Geometry, minimal surfaces and some inscribed solids. Many thought that the last set of exhibits, the inscribed solids, were just Chinese-lanterns intended to decorate the room until they were shown how five cubes were seen in one model, five tetrahedra in another and so on. Minimal surfaces, in which soap films took various forms, the areas of which were the minimum, was found to be an amusing exhibit. Hyperbolic Geometry was understood by not many.

The volunteers, whose lot it was to explain the exhibits to school children and others in Tamil, were seen thinking and coining words in Tamil. But one thing was certain; every one, who really wanted to understand things, was made to understand and everyone who put a question got a faithful answer.

P. P. CHINNADURAI.



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HIGH LIGHT OF THE
MATHEMATICS EXHIBITION

—FIVE CUBES IN A DUODECAHEDRON

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

—THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, THE PRINCIPAL AND THE CONVENER OF THE EXHIBITION READ THE TIME BY THE SUN-DIAL

*Photos by R. Dwarakanathan*

## BIRD GALLERY AND CONCHS

*Photo by Dr. J. P. Joshua*

24 DEC 1949

## THE FOUR DOCTORS

DRS. BOYD, ALAGAPPA CHETTY, LAKSHMANASWAMY MUDALIAR AND THANGARAJ

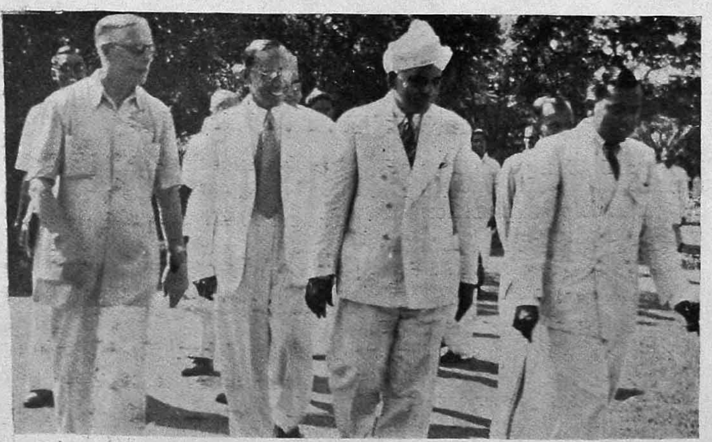

*Photo by R. Dwarakanathan*

# ANIMAL FAIR

## (ZOOLOGY)

This part of the exhibition began with the section on Taxonomy—classification of animals. The historical background of classification and such pioneer-workers on classification of living things as Aristotle, Linnaeus and Huxley were shown. 'Darwin's Christmas tree' was a special feature of the exhibition. The tree had an infinite number of branches and each branch bore an animal representing a group of animals. It must have cost a great deal of time and labour and we are glad it made a wonderful exhibit

There were microscopes showing the evolution of such recent microscopes as the face-contrast microscope from the crude and imperfectly-ground lenses of Hooke and Leeuwenhoek. Some novel "microphotographs' were exhibited.

They had a section on the animals that lived millions of years ago (palaeontology). The section was particularly ornamented; even the worn-out and forlorn stony fossils were clad in tissue-sarees. There was a chart superbly done—a treasure of knowledge to the young student as well as a colourful exhibit for the general eye. The paintings of the 'dinosaurs' were attractive.

The section on the 'Theory that revolutionised the world' recalled how this biological concept influenced every sphere of human thought Darwin (and the Beagle) and his theory of organic evolution are very popular even in 'arts-blocks' and for the benefit of those who are not so well informed were exhibited the various evidences that prove the concept.

This leads the passer-by to the bright and sprightly science of genetics and the mysterious relations and laws that govern inheritance and heredity were imposingly exhibited. Who is not interested in knowing about the subtle relations that exist between the parents and the offspring?

Then you have the interesting and instructive section on bacteria which are a question mark or at best a delusion in the mind of the common man. He is made aware of the various benefits received by his thankless self from the bacteria but is warned at the same time (lest he should court them) to beware of those greatest enemies of man that have the advantage of being invisible. It was a sight to see lumps of bacteria, those biological wonders growing on agar-agar blocks, which could be generally seen only with the highest powers of the microscope

The parasitology section attracted a great crowd. Natural it is that human beings are interested in knowing about their enemies that they may be better fitted to fight them

Then we have one of the most interesting branches of Zoology—the science of insects (Entomology). Though man is generally humiliated by their numbers (which are 80 per cent of all the species of animals) he is greatly interested in knowing about them that he may distinguish his friends amongst them from his enemies. There was a good display of insects of the major orders and a collection of bright insects added 'life' to the place and one could see consolidated natural beauty not lost even in entomology-boxes.

The section on embryology and grafting and monstrosities follows There were experiments showing tissue-culture and the collections of human and other embryos were fascinating.

I shall fail in my duty if I do not mention the zoological gardens of the exhibition full of various bizzare snakes and the fancy's child, the chameleon; the section on fresh-water biology with a chain of interesting experiments which allured the crowds that gathered, and the Bird Gallery.

There is, no doubt, a great chance for improvement, but what was presented was the solid outcome of the honest sweat of staff and students. . . . nil nisi bonum.

A. S. Narayan,
*IV (Hons.)*

## CHEMISTRY

The commencement of the vacation marked the initiation of work for the exhibition in our department. Each one had done his part of the reading for the work allotted and so, before long, each one got into the swing of the work. Of course, we had to wait for our apparatus. Mr. Wynne, our store-keeper, was working 'full-blast'!

The Metallurgy section got busy rearranging the rather confusing number of minerals and fixing up a series of charts, while the periodic table was being drawn or painted in different forms. Our crystallographers had trouble in the beginning in 'growing crystals' but in the end patience had its reward. Our glass crystal models appeared in a new red garb to greet the visitors without collapsing!

The Colloids Section was working under the expert guidance of Mr. A. Viswanathan. They prepared a series of gels and sols. Silica 'gardens' and metal 'trees' attracted visitors by their striking appearance and left many a botanist wondering! The combustion section had to arrange a series of burners and there was a preview of Diwali fireworks.

The Petroleum and Coal Sections had their charts and their 'working models' ready In fact, part of the set-up actually worked on the days of the exhibition.

The Dyestuffs Section worked throughout the vacation and all was colour in that section Those who got the blues and the pinks had only themselves to be blamed! The High Polymer Section proved particularly interesting with specimens of Rayons and Plastics—thanks to the diligent effort of Mr. I. M. Mathai and his co-workers.

The Perfumery Section, I think, attracted the maximum crowd, for it satisfied the vanity of woman—and the modern man! Most of the visitors had their nails dabbed red or pink. By the end of the exhibition some perfumes mysteriously evaporated and nail polishes walked off in their containers!

The Electro-Chemistry Section showed us methods of Electro-plating and Electro-refining and also a series of other interesting exhibits. People interested in medicine found the Chemo-Therapy section educative and could have a dose of aspirin, if they had a head-ache! I wonder how many among us saw the last section—a collection of classical books, some dating back to 17th century. I did, and believe me, it was interesting.

Before concluding, we cannot forget the great help Dr. S. V Anantakrishnan and other members of the department have been in our work. We thank them particularly and all the others who made the Science Exhibition a grand success

A. P. Paul,
*IV B.Sc.* (Group iii–*b*.)

## OPINIONS . . . THEY DIFFER

1. 'Because I did not see any previous exhibition, you see, I think it was good.'

—Mathava Ram Moses.

2. 'It was of the nature of an optical illusion.'

—E. C. George.

3. 'Damn nice—bloody good.'

—N. R. J. Athisayadoss.

4. 'I wish it had been longer—I couldn't take it all in, in two days.'

—Mrs. Kibble.

5. 'They ought to have explained the explanations'

—Moorthy.

6. I would rather be human in my approach and talk of the human exhibits

—K. Radhakrishna Menon.

7. The laws of inter-polar attraction and repulsion seem to have been insufficiently understood by the sponsors of the exhibition—there ought to have been more girl volunteers'

—T P. Subramoniam.

(*Continued on page* 54)

# GANDHISM AND DEMOCRACY

By K. Raghavendra Rao.

Recently, a very interesting point was raised in a letter to the editor of a leading Indian daily. The writer of the letter made the observation that the Gandhian technique of political fighting, i e, through non-violence, non-co-operation, satyagraha and fasting, is incompatible with the ideals of democracy. He contended that the only legitimate fighting according to democratic ideals is the one through an election. The writer further added that *the decision of* some socialist party leaders to adopt this weapon in their fight against the present reactionary, capitalist government was undemocratic

All unknowingly (perhaps, knowingly), the writer of that letter has given rise to a great problem which, so far, has received scarcely any notice from political pundits. If we agree with him, we will be forced to draw some startling conclusions. It follows, obviously, that the great struggle for independence led by Gandhiji is undemocratic. No doubt, the Congress fought elections and assumed administrative powers in some provinces, even during British *regime* But that certainly did not help the Congress achieve independence sooner. If anything it did, it only retarded the struggle, by making the Congress non-revolutionary for some time As we know, Pandit Nehru was quite against it. Now, can we subscribe to a view that our struggle for independence was undemocratic? Was not the struggle, in accordance with the deepest desire of Indian people? Was it not the aim of the struggle to achieve an Indian Government, ruled by Indians in the interest of Indians? If such a struggle is undemocratic, what then is the meaning of democracy? Some might suggest that we confront a paradox, which can be easily explained To achieve a democratic India, Congress had to adopt undemocratic means But, here, we are up against *the profound problem of mankind* — the problem of means and ends If a democratic end justifies undemocratic means, then how are we differnt from Marxists, ideologically? Gandhiji always emphasised that however good might be the end, the means must not be an evil one A bad means leads ultimately to a bad end. How strange that Gandhiji who was the greatest leader, during our struggles, was practising what he never preached! But this conclusion *contradicts our general impression of* Gandhiji, as a man. He was one of those rare beings who practise what they preach, to whom theory has only value in so far it is useful in actual practice. This is a great problem which deserves the attention of our political thinkers.

Meanwhile, an ordinary, average, intelligent man might just shake his head and exclaim, 'It is one of those puzzling paradoxes!' Now, it is all very easy to rest content with such a remark. But one must tackle this question, however, unlearned or unqualified one is. If we closely examine the problem, we will find that problem take *on a different colour.* When we say democracy, we, of course, mean only the western conception of democracy Is the western conception of democracy, the only true one? Surely, we ought *to evolve our own* political institutions. But of course we must be careful to see that we are not guided, merely, by any narrow patriotism. Let us impartially study the case There is, whatever the apostles of one-world government might say, a fundamental difference between the oriental and occidental attitudes to life. The westerners have abandoned the way of spirit and become materialists, believing only in material progress We, orientals, can never be throughly non-spiritual Hence, might not one suggest that such fundamental differences in outlook give rise to different political institutions? At this point, one must recognise that Gandhian technique is,

strictly speaking, spiritual. In the west politics have also been secular. No ethical, spiritual or religious considerations are allowed to creep into the field of politics. But Gandhiji's, always, has differed from this western conception of politics. Satyagraha, non-cooperation and fasting are great weapons, greater than any bomb or bullet. They are morally very powerful, because their success depends not on any mechanical ability but on the spritual courage of a fighter, his capacity for self-sacrifice. The success of Gandhian technique has never been questioned. But just because western political thinkers have never thought about it, should we hasten to stigmatise them as undemocratic? Let us take a more realistic view of the problem. Elections are periodical. There must be a considerable interval between two elections. Suppose, during that interval the party in power proves inefficient and corrupt. In fact, drives people to such heights of despair as to invite them to violence. Well, then, what course should the people take? They have to choose any of the following means. Firstly, they can endure their misfortune, as a kind of punishment for choosing the wrong party, till the next elections. Secondly, they might, like Communists, indulge in sabotaging the government, through all kinds of violent hooliganistic attitudes. Thirdly, they might adopt peaceful, non-violent methods of Gandhiji. Of course, an emergency election might be held But this will be practically impossible, because the party in power will never dig its own grave, by conceding the popular demand to hold a new election. Easily, the Gandhian method is the best. Hence, it seems more rational to change the conception of democracy to include Gandhian technique than to brand Gandhian technique as undemocratic. Should we neglect the rich spiritual heritage of a man who is undoubtedly one of the greatest men of our century, simply because politics text-books embodying western conceptions, do not mention his great weapon? Mr. Aldous Huxley, a great western thinker, in his recent book 'Peace Progress and Liberty' has considered the Gandhian weapon as the strongest weapon. So, let us try to enrich western materialism with our spiritual heritage.

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(*Continued from page* 41)

the Staff Co-operative Building Society and became its first President The Committee under his leadership secured from the Government building sites in the area now occupied by the Staff Colony to the east of the College Campus Though he got a site himself, he transferred it to a colleague of his at cost price when he found that he could not build a house of his own in the locality. His unselfishness and desire to see that the Society carries out its intention of building houses in the sites allotted to it by Government reveal the man—his high principles of public conduct and the spirit of mutual helpfulness.

As regards his work as President or Secretary of the Madras Teachers Guild and the South India Teachers' Union—the two bodies which he brought up as his children—I have no personal knowledge. In the few meetings of these bodies I attended, I could notice the hold that he had over teachers and the wise guidance he gave to their deliberations When he stood up to address the gatherings he would not only be listened to with respect and consideration, but with a wave of hand or a word of mouth he could control even the most stormy discussion. It was indeed a triumph of personality over mere arguments. Such was the faith that the teachers reposed in his leadership.

A deep scholar, an effective teacher. a wise leader, an ornament to his profession, a man of wide sympathies and active spirit of helpfulness, of a co-operative and accommodating spirit, a sound disciplinarian willing to obey and able to command, the late Mr. Sabhesan has left us his colleagues in the College a tradition to cherish and an example to emulate. May his Memory live long and his Soul rest in peace!

S. Subbarama Aiyar.

# NETAJI, AS I LAST SAW HIM

By Thomas David

It was in December, 1944, that I proceeded to the war-shattered city of Rangoon from Arakan, where the I.N.A. forces were engaged in their first heroic combat. I was preparing myself to spend a few days in the vast mass of debris that was once a city of charm and business.

Of all the news that awaited us in Rangoon, the most conspicuous was the welcome announcement that Netaji was on his way back from Tokyo. It was an occasion of great moment. The I.N A.'s all-out offensive against Imphal and Chittagong could not for obvious reasons result in a victory on the field, faced, as it was, against the resources of the U.S.A and the man power of India. Tense anxiety was in the air, as the European news was a tale of crumbling German strategy, threatening to bring in its trail an imminent catastrophe. War in the Pacific betrayed the Japanese exhaustion. Nearer to us, there were unmistakable signs of a showdown in Burma to conclude a prolonged and bitterly contested campaign in one of the most inhospitable terrains of the globe. Netaji's return was, therefore, anxiously awaited, as he was expected to reveal his strategy to counter the advantages apparenty gained by the Anglo-American forces

On his arrival in the city, one of Netaji's first decisions was to inspect the troops, who had participated in the epic battles of Imphal and Arakan. The rendezvous was to be the heart of Rangoon.

With the punctuality so characteristic of him, he arrived in our midst at the appointed time. As the supreme commander of the I.N A., what a change could be noticed in him! He was no more the popular, khadi-clad, Subas Babu of India. His steps were measured as those of a trained soldier His bearing was elegant and imposing. One could have easily understood why this great general with his commanding personality, lovable yet serious disposition and a heart burning with patriotism, unquenchable by any adversity, was looked up to with admiration.

Unique and breath-taking adventures he had, since a short piece of news announced his disappearance from Calcutta a few years ago. One wondered how he braved to leave the frontiers of India and reach Berlin, when war restricted everybody's movement, not to speak of Netaji himself being kept under strict police observation. He preserved the sacred flame of the independence movement, when relentless efforts were being made to extinguish it at home. His daring sea voyage infested with danger on all sides was itself an episode. His burning patriotism demanded of him ceaseless activity. Thanks to his presence and leadership, the honour of India was recovered in the East.

The Army band struck up the National Anthem to greet him on his arrival in the parade ground. Afterwards there was an inspection of the troops by Netaji He was visibly moved, as he saw the multitude of soldiers, whose heroic suffering added grandeur to the first chapters in the history of the armed conflict for India's emancipation. He seemed to be immensely interested in asking questions about the particulars of the various formations, one of which, named after him, had done yeoman service in the battle field. One of the most significant characteristics of that gathering was that he was mainly escorted by Muslim officers

He, then, ascended the rostrum profusely decorated with the tricolour and photos of national leaders. His eloquent address reminded everyone of the change he had undergone. His words conveyed the dignity of his new responsibility. He dealt at length with the military operation of 1944 in Imphal and Arakan. The need for renewed attempts to secure a decisive victory was

(*Continued on page* 54)

# YOUTH'S MUSIC

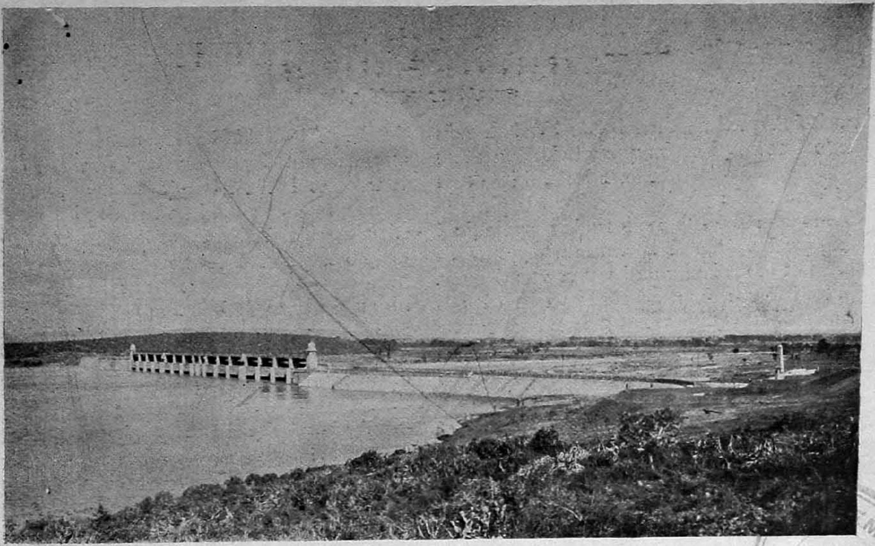
In praise of the promising youth that shines;
Of untold wealth waiting in pregnant minds;
Of rocky fortitude; fair, trusting ways;
Of brilliant spirits craving for fresh-cleaned days;
Of hearts that wake at Nature's slightest touch;
Of struggles; hopes and joys and such;
Of the keen crisp friendship—the quickening Spring—
In praise of the promise of youth,—I sing.

In honour of youthful pioneers
Who strive; endure and live their years
To mould of strength and love a better land;
Of hearts that are making a firm undaunted stand;
Of men and women who learn to love a home;
Of the beacon lights to those who roam
Of the cheer that makes the very universe ring
Of youth in the world, I sing.

In expectation of a worthier band;
Of new creatures out of mere sand;
Of hearts that love God all the more
For opening up earth's richest treasure store.
Of the vision of service; of love and lasting Beauty;
Burning with zeal that shall always be;
Of that sure perfection youth can bring—
Of hope for the day's youth, I sing.

ARUNTHATHY KANAGATHUNGAM.

## 'POONDI RESERVOIR'



FRONT VIEW

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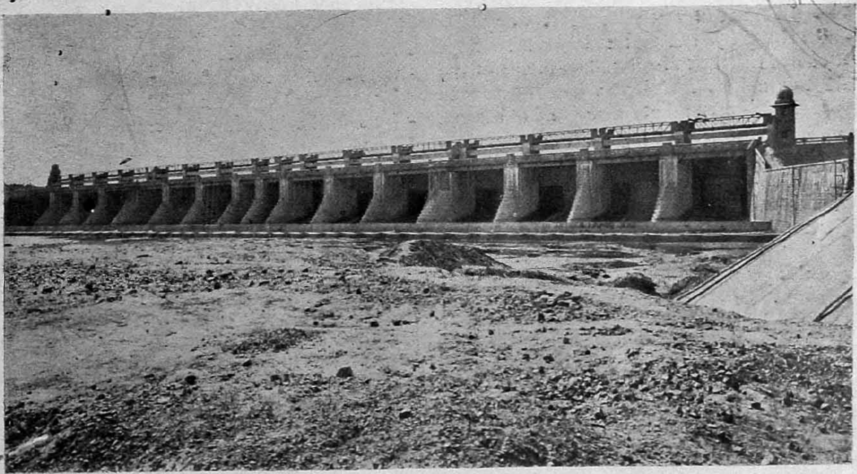

*Photos by K. Veeraraghavachary*

REAR VIEW

# ON BALDNESS

By V. R. Narayanaswami

Baldness, to the wise, is a blessing in disguise; for not only does it indicate the intelligence of the possessor, but it also helps him to exercise an economy on cosmetics like brilliantines and shampoos. And in many cases it might be observed that baldness adds to the handsomeness of the face. It is a privilege shared exclusively by gods and bald men that they have a brilliant halo around their heads, the former because of their divinity and the latter because of a law of nature about the process of reflection of light, the complete absence of hair rendering the head a proper surface for the application of this law Bald men have the added advantage that they need spend only a little time at the barber's—only those who have paid a visit to the ordinary barber's saloon can realise the value of this advantage. It is a drawback of the 'hairy' section of mankind that they have to adapt their hair-cutting to the climate; bald men, fortunately, need never have a 'summer-crop' because their hair is naturally in 'summer-cropped' condition. And most important of all, bald men deserve our admiration and appreciation for the exemplary way in which they endeavour to keep their surroundings in a healthy and sanitary condition by depriving of their natural dwelling place, the pestilent and pernicious insects known as head lice

Baldness may generally be divided into three classes, but the border lines of division are not at all fixed. The first of these, naturally, is baldness in the bud, at this stage, it is very often not discernible because of a sort of camouflage by which the bald patches of the cranium lie hidden under the hair that lingers on the head. Only by some rare combination of circumstances can one get a momentary glimpse of a white patch of skin enveloping the skull which is exposed to view by an angular vision And though this sort of baldness is widely present, it is seldom discerned.

The second stage of baldness can be called baldness in the bloom, it is the most commonly found kind of baldness In its case, the bald part of the head is enclosed in a parabola and the hairy part is enclosed between the arcs of two circles: it may better be imagined than illustrated. One special feature of this sort of baldness is that it inspires poets and arouses their imagination. It reminds the poet at first about the perishability of pomposity. But when the poet goes further into the depths of imagination, he remembers the crescent moon because of a similarity of appearence; moreover, the moon, like the bald head, shines by reflected light Sometimes a stray persistent hair lingering on the head in solitude, reminds the imaginative mind of an oasis in a desert. To philosophic thinkers, the white bald area resembles the joys and pleasures of life, while the black hairy area reminds them of the sorrows and pains of life

The baldness of the third and last class is also very common It can be easily recognised by the fact that it is impossible, in its case, to find out where the face ends and the head begins This is baldness in its perfection and gives the head the appearance of an exquisitely carved statue

Baldness is often associated with greatness. Most bald heads are wise ones too. And if women are not granted this great privilege of getting bald, the only possible and plausible explanation can be that the Creator has recognised the superiority of the masculine intellect.

Dear readers! Next time you see a man, young or old, whose head is affected by or tending to baldness, with a mirror in front of him and an advertisement saying '*Don't let this happen to you!*' on his table, mourning over his apparent misfortune you must remind him of the innumerable and invaluable advantages of baldness and give him consolation by saying that by getting bald he is only gaining face

(*Continued from page* 48)

'Splenthith! The Bothany secthion was the besth!'

—BOTHANIST SAUDERAN.

'How was the blooming exhibition?' 'It wasn't blooming at all!'

—OVERHEARD.

*Susie Chacko* Wasn't it a splendid show?

*Press Reporter*. Yes, *you* were looking splendid!

*Susie*: The volunteers were *so* courteous.

*Reporter*: Yes, they were examining you with scientific interest.

[*Note.*—This is what others feel about it. The exhibition appears in all its glory in the preceding pages. These comments have been taken hot and reproduced faithfully.—*Ed.*]

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(*Continued from page* 62)

In conclusion, let me quote Turnbull from his book 'The Great Mathematicians'. 'There is largeness about Mathematics that transcends space and time: Mathematics may humbly help in the market-place, but it also reaches to the stars. To one, Mathematics is a game (but what a game!) and to another it is the handmaiden of Theology The greatest Mathematics has the simplicity and inevitableness of supreme poetry and music, standing on the borderland of all that is wonderful in Science and all that is beautiful in art. Mathematics transfigures the fortuitous concourse of atoms into the tracery of the finger of God.'

K. SITARAM,
*IV Hons.* (i)

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explained. He was quite alive to the gravity and delicacy of the situation. But the only honourable course of action was continuous military operations. He was sure that our fight would awaken the conscience of the world, which would ultimately result in the achievement of Indian independence. The inextinguishable fire of his patriotism, the overwhelming inspiration of his presence and the infallible logic of his argument could not have been wasted on anyone.

A common dinner terminated the function. The great leader in the fight for Indian liberation could be seen taking his seat on the lawn along with the common soldier, who was so dear to his heart. No ceremony marred his pleasure in associating himself with the real strength of the army—the soldier. There was yet another peculiarity which could not be missed. It was the unforgettable scene of our dreams, where people of all communities shared their common food together, unmindful of the barriers in the Indian Army, providing for the discrimination of the Hindu and Muslim dishes. It was a real achievement that religion was banned from the dinner table.

The parting words of Netaji still ring in our ears. He said —'I have come to meet you after a long trip. There is half of the journey yet to be done.' No one could that evening prophetically take these words as the farewell of the hero, whose contribution to India's freedom is of no small measure.

*Jai Hind.*

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## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Some reprints of the harmonization written for Jana Gana Mana by Mr. A. A. Gnanadoss (from the *Magazine* for December 1948) are still available, and can be obtained at one anna each.

# LAODAMIA AND SĀVITRI

The similarity between Greek Mythology and Hindu Mythology—imaginative products of two ancient and highly perfected cultures—is very striking in many of their aspects. It is almost impossible to go through either of them without recalling to memory some parallel incident or character from the other. On penetrating a little deeper this similarity becomes evident also in the thoughts and ideas which underlie these works. One striking example of this uniformity of outlook is to be had in the characters of Laodamia and Sāvitri. Those little external differences to be found in them or in the treatment of their characters are due to the inevitable difference between the orient and the occident But critical appreciation is always guided by the inner glow

Wordsworth who wanted to be considered as nothing else but a teacher seldom approached the Greek idylls for a subject for his poetry. Laodamia is one of the few exceptions. Let us see what attraction this character held for the great moralist.

Protesilaus, Laodamia's husband, was the first among the Greeks to land on the shores of Troy though he knew from the Delphic oracle that the first to land would be the first to be killed. He was slain by Hector. Laodamia besought the Gods with sacrifice to restore him to "her sight". And they restored him to her sight—for the space of three hours. Permeating through the whole poem is the strong and faithful love of Laodamia for Protesilaus, unwavering in the face of fruitless hopes. It must have been the immense potentialities of this single emotion—namely Love—

"mightier far,
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star",

that must have induced the great poet to take up this subject and teach mankind how advantageous it can be when led through correct channels.

The story of Sāvitri is also one of achievement of love over the divine powers. She was forewarned by a sage that "on this day a twelve-month later the ill-fated prince will die". Yet she married him because so strong was her love for Satyavan and so confident was she in the power of that love. She also knew that penance and sacrifices "can the immortal powers move". It was this immaculate devotion to her husband that guided her when she was with the God of Death and this was what made it impossible for him to withhold the life of Satyavan any longer.

Both Sāvitri and Laodamia teach us that "a woman's love abideth higher than the doom of death." Yet in the case of Laodamia this victory was transitory whereas Sāvitri received her husband back—for ever so to speak Why this distinction? Are we to conclude that the Gods of Greece were more exacting than those of the Hindu Mythology or is it due to any difference in the two characters? A closer analysis of the two wives will convince us of the justice of the Gods when they gave back Protesilaus for a brief and Satyavan for a long period. The intensity of the love of Laodamia is no doubt as great as that of Sāvitri. She loved Protesilaus and Protesilaus alone That was why she prayed to the Gods that he might be given back to her. But her love is tainted by a tinge of passion There is a terrestrial element in her love for Protesilaus who is in a world totally different and where it is incompatible. The very first impulse of the queen when she beheld the form of her husband was to clasp him—an impulse which has its roots in the physical side of love. Moreover she very soon passes over and dismisses lightly his act of courage. Happiness for her lies not so much in the fact that her husband raised himself to an immortal

dais by his supreme act of sacrifice as in that visible truth that he still retained his redundant locks and fair lips. Once again her mind is able to touch only the physical fringes of her husband's personality. To soar over them, go beyond them seeking the beauty of his spirit—that is yet impossible for her. Just as a majestic wave surging forward in all its immense dignity rouses our expectations, only to shatter them by breaking feebly near the shore, Laodamia who with her unswerving devotion 'grows in stature,' wrests back Protesilaus from the Gods only to place him by her side on that well-known couch and only to seek 'nuptial kiss'. Jove was rightly angry. His was the righteous indignation. Yet she was afforded one chance more. She heard about the divine beauty of love, explained by her own Protesilaus. He unveiled for her the true glory of love, which consists in its depth and not in its tumult, but it was in vain. Protesilaus tried again He showed her how love was to be purified of its baser emotions. Love as a means to the eternal truth, which is the identification of one's self, the communion with the absolute, was explained to her When he told of his own deed he was bringing before her an example of selfless love—here for his country and teaching the lessons of self abnegation. But she failed to appreciate it. Then he set out to explain it by making it more obvious In plain words he tried to teach her the true valuation of love, and that too a love which she had not yet attempted to conceive of. But all this in vain. Laodamia was too immature to understand and appreciate—let alone practise—this deep, unruffled and dignified emotion.

If she had been able to discern the true glory of love she would have at once discovered a hoard of happiness in a spiritual reunion with Protesilaus But a faint shadow of selfishness stood in the way of her complete union with her husband.

Earlier when Protesilaus had been to war

'Tears were her best pastime day and night'

because she was unable to share the happiness her husband felt when engaged in a noble deed.

Sāvitri takes up where Laodamia leaves off. The spectre of death was there with Satyavan to scare her off even before she married him But it was powerless. She refused to be scared. Her love was from its very inception defiant of death. And so she married Satyavan. The first triumph of love over fear of death. Even a brief separation from her husband compelled Laodomia to seek comfort in weeping and tears. But not so Sāvitri. She is made of sterner stuff. Instead of living in a 'dim vast vale of tears' those twelve months, she prepared herself to meet the great calamity Every second she was tortured with the thought of her husband's impending death.

यद्वाक्यं नारदेनोक्त वर्तते हृदि नित्यश: ।

But that in no way did blind her to the great task before. Then that fateful day dawned. The life of Satyavan was wrested away. The penance which Sāvitri had already done gives her the privilege of seeing the God of Death, and she follows him. When asked why she was following him she replies

यत्र मे नीयते भर्ता स्वयं वा यत्र गच्छति ।

मया च तत्र गन्तव्यं एव धर्म: सनातन: ॥

that it is her duty to follow her husband wherever he leads or goes. She was not following him like a dumb animal as some interpreters would have it. On the contrary she knew that "the final goal of virtue, it is truth and deathless love". With the help of this love she wiped out herself and became one with her noble husband. She knew fully well that

"He for God only and she for God in him."

This clear and pure love was what Laodamia lacked. She loved her husband throughout his life but it would have been impossible for her to love him so deeply if the day of his death was predicted. And it was impossible for her to love him in his ethereal world

This self-annulment is seen throughout the history of Sāvitri. When granted the

(*Continued on page* 64)

# CHIT-CHAT ABOUT LOGIC*

INGRID WILHELMSSON.

If from the proposition, All embezzlers are treasurers, somebody drew the conclusion, All treasurers are embezzlers, he would land not only in probably unnecessary worry about his money in the bank, but also in a logical fallacy. He should rest content with the conclusion, Some treasurers are embezzlers. That is bad enough. We need not make it look worse by converting universal affirmative propositions simply. Still, this is a popular fallacy with many of us, specially when our emotions run away with us.

We are also very fond of concluding from Some to All. This is a typically emotional fallacy. The sanguine person makes false generalisations in his way, and the choleric in his. It may sound kinder to say, All philosophy students are clever people, than to say, All philosophy students are utter fools, but logically, both are equally bad. If the step from Some to All is adventurous, a generalisation from one single case is still more so. Here, bravery turns into open foolhardiness, as you can judge by the following example. A traveller went to a foreign country in order to study its people At the frontier station he saw a porter, who was red-haired, tall, limping and fierce-looking The traveller wrote home: 'The people in this country are red-haired, tall, limping and fierce-looking.' Which, of course, did not do justice either to the inhabitants of the country or to logic.

It is also easy to get mixed up in opposites. The confusing thing is that we have two sorts of opposites, the contradictory and the contrary The contradictory of 'wise' is 'not-wise'. There is no third possibility If about somebody, in a certain respect, you affirm the one, you deny the other, and vice versa. A contrary of 'wise' is 'foolish.' Whereas a man cannot, in the same respect, be both wise and foolish, he may be neither. There are other possibilities, e.g. that he may enjoy ordinary common sense. If the two different kinds of opposites are confused, a serious fallacy results. And that may happen to the best of us. It has happened to Plato! In the dialogue 'Protagoras', Socrates wants to convince the sophist Protagoras that all virtues are one and the same, namely wisdom, insight. The proof that wisdom and temperance are the same, runs shortly: Foolishness is the opposite of temperance, Foolishness is the opposite of wisdom; every notion has only one opposite, therefore, wisdom and temperance are the same. Protagoras is said to have granted this, although reluctantly. But he need not have done so! A thing may have several opposites (contraries). 'Indian' has as opposites, i e excludes, both 'English' and 'French', without these two becoming the same thing. Shall we suppose that the Platonian Socrates was not clear on this point, on which Plato in other passages appears well informed? It is perhaps safer to suppose that Plato here rejoices in gaining a double victory over his opponent. by making him surrender publicly, and by making him do it to arguments that Plato himself knew were untenable. That would indeed be a 'Platonic' revenge! In either case, the confusion of opposites in 'Protagoras' prompts us to great caution in similar logical situations. For if such things could happen to a green tree, what cannot happen to the dry?

In the Danish comedy 'Erasmus Montanus' by Ludvig Holberg (18th century) a poor farmer's son returns home from the University of Copenhagen not only with a Latin name and a high opinion of himself, but also with a destructive logic that he uses as a formidable weapon against his logically

* Mostly from a book by Prof. Alf. Nyman, Lund

defenceless environment He starts by showing that the old precentor Per is a cock thus:

A cock crows ; so do you ;
A cock is proud of his voice ; so are you— ; . . .
Therefore, you are a cock.

Erasmus makes here a string of syllogisms of the so-called second figure (P–M. ; S–M). But it is a string of false pearls because in all the syllogisms both the premises are affirmative. In this figure, one premise and, consequently, the conclusion must be negative. Of course, old Per does not know this rule. He is helpless against a reasoner like Erasmus. All he can do, is to weep like a school-boy.—This kind of fallacy has escaped the attention of sharper logicians than Per. Schopenhauer (in the preface to 'Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik') has pointed out that Hegel, whom he heartily detested, has made one in 'Encyklopädie der philosophischen Wissenschaften,' §293. The argument in question is long and not easy to see through. But Schopenhaner reduces it, quickly and urgently, to the following syllogistic form :

Everything that becomes heavier at one end sinks at that end ;
This magnetic bar sinks at one end ;
Therefore, it has become heavier at that end.

Thereby the fallacy is unmasked and shown to be a worthy counterpart of the hazardous syllogism .

All geese have two legs ;
You have two legs ;
Therefore, you are a goose.

There is a venerable rule, that nothing can be concluded from merely negative premises. Our friend Erasmus permits himself to break this rule, when boasting before his old parents. He undertakes to prove that his mother Nille is a stone. Shortly ·

A stone cannot fly ;
You cannot fly ,
Therefore, you are a stone.

But when the old woman starts crying at this learned and formidable talk, Erasmus reassures her with this syllogism :

A stone cannot think or talk ;
You can ;
Therefore, you are no stone.

Here, the minor premise is affirmative and the major negative, and so there follows correctly the consoling conclusion that old Nille is no stone. With astonishment and motherly pride she exclaims : 'Strong heads must be needed for studying. I don't understand how your brains can stand it.' But, in spite of Nille, not even the strongest head is sufficient for drawing a valid conclusion from merely negative premises.

Erasmus goes from one logical victory to another. But revenge overtakes him. Erasmus has made a logical bet with a lieutenant, who has come to the village to enlist soldiers, and has won one shilling from him. But the lieutenant has seen through the logical trick and uses it now against Erasmus. To him who has made Nille a stone and Per a cock, he says that he will make him a soldier. He proceeds .

He who has received money from me, is a soldier ,
You have done so ,
Therefore . .

The fallacy here is that a common rule is applied to a special case without necessary distinctions. Erasmus himself has just used this fallacy successfully but now, from sheer instinct of self-preservation, he respects the rules of logic and demands distinctions He is so eager that he starts talking Latin. In a very amusing passage he refuses to accept the minor premise, distinguishes between money and money, between to receive in general and under certain circumstances, between real and apparent agreement, etc. But nothing helps Erasmus is promptly dressed in a soldier's uniform. The scene is instructive, logically, psychologically and aesthetically. The lesson serves Erasmus right. But Holberg does not allow all our sympathy to rest with the lieutenant Good logic is with Erasmus. He suffers violence, but he remains

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# A CHAT IN ECONOMICS

Inflation was said to be somewhere round the corner and before it was out, devaluation has come in. What nonsense! A bigger word for a big word. If prices were doubled by inflation, they are trebled by devaluation. This 'double treble' business would have been given a 'foul throw' if it were in basket ball: but not in actual life. These have come to stay. No use complaining: better know what they are.

Put simply, inflation is too much money hunting too few goods. It is said that there is only one man for seven women, taking the world as a whole. That means an inflation in marriage market. Too many women, chasing too few men. What a terrible thing!

Now, how has this too much money come in? You know we had a war from 1939–'45. During war periods there is need for a huge quantity of money to pay the soldiers, for war materials, etc., and the governments create money. Under normal periods, every currency note is printed only if there is a corresponding amount of gold or silver or other assets in the Reserve Bank so that, if you call at the Reserve Bank at Beach after roaming about the whole of Parry's Corner in vain to change a hundred rupee note, they may immediately produce the required amount in jingling coins at the counter. They are bound to, because you have the promise on the note. When there is war, it is simply not possible to have equal amounts of gold or other reserves to honour the promise but they have to meet the needs and they go on printing notes. Too much of anything is bad and so too in the case of currency notes. They are bad in the sense that they won't buy you as much as they bought before, for there are more notes. There is production of goods going on, but the printing press is better off in turning out currency notes and there arises inflation,

There are more countries than one producing goods and they want to have goods of other countries. They have of course to pay for it: but not immediately or in cash. The trade takes place among A

and B and C and when they have had the goods some part of the cost of goods A had from B would be settled by what B owes to A as well as C owes to A and the balance left over will be paid in gold or other currency they agree on. But it is also probable that A has got a large amount to pay and may not have the funds to pay and this debt may go on accumulating.

This debt is calculated in terms of the currencies of the countries entering into trade. There will be general agreement as to how much each currency is valued in terms of others. For instance, one rupee is considered equivalent to 18 English pence. In other words, the exchange rate of the rupee is 18 pence. This rate is the most correct one if what 18 pence purchase in England or equivalent purchase is obtained in India for a rupee. Here again, imperfections arise in practice and it is likely that either of them is actually paid for more than its worth. Actually the rupee buys only 10 pence worth of things whereas it is exchanged for 18 pence.

When a country owes a large amount to the other countries and when its currency is paid more than what it is worth, you start altering the value of the currency. If you owe Rs. 100 to X and you can't pay, you want the amount to be reduced. In international circles they do it by accepting say 15 as. for a rupee, so that your debt is Rs. 100 in the paper but it is enough if you pay 100 × 15 annas

England owed such a huge lot to America that she could not pay off her debts with the billions (000,000,000) of dollars America lent to her. She had her old sterling balances due to India, of which Nehru recently also said: he will not reduce a pie—Mind, it is poor man's money! The value of goods Britain was freely drawing from India for the war and they have had their own way of calculating the price and even according to them, they owe us quite a bit of money Now they have reduced the exchange rate of their pound in terms of American dollars. We had been all along asking John Bull to pay Uncle Sam in dollars for the pounds he owes us. Now, the pound means less of dollars. Previously one pound fetched 4 dollars and 3 cents: now only 2 dollars and 80 cents. So, even though on paper England owes us as much as she does, in effect, she need pay only much less, because we want not so much of the pound as the American tractor and machines.

John Bull (England) went into this game because he wanted more of goods from Uncle Sam (U.S.A.) But then America wants to be paid in dollars. Where are the dollars to come from? England has to send her goods to places where dollar is the currency and then get it. The best place for it is America itself. To get more dollars, England has to send more goods and Americans should purchase more. They will do it only if the price is less. And there is this way of getting over it. Write the price as one pound. But don't pay 4 dollars and odd—only 2 and 80 cents.

Now Americans *will* buy more of English goods just as we would buy more of Nambiar's ice cream if he gives it at 3 as instead of 4 as. (How nice!) England will have more dollars. She can buy more from America and with the machinery and materials she buys, she can produce more goods and go ahead. But why should America be particular to sell her goods? Simply because it is her very life. We know what happened to our big captains of industry here in India when the mills had to be closed when sister Pak said she would buy cloth from elsewhere. In America the problem is very serious. There anybody can be a '*blooming*' businessman and do his job. No need to obtain any licence or permission from anybody. So everybody who can do it, floats a business and prospers. Everybody makes things and he can't use them all alone. Others, in the different parts of the world want it too and America must sell it Suppose the others are too poor to buy, America can only starve by the piles of goods and things, kept from the rest of the poor world but which can't be used for herself.

This, our Russian friend would say is because of the naughty selfishness of Uncle

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# SOMETHING IN SCIENCE

*'Falling Stars' detected by Radar.*

Lately, Radar has been found to be of a novel use—that of detecting meteors, which are popularly known as 'Falling Stars'. Formerly only the more intense meteors were visible and that too only during night time and when the sky was cloudless. But as the outcome of War Research in England, there is possibility of studying them at any time.

The discovery was totally unexpected Very reliable Radar instruments scanning the sky for German V-2 rockets during the war recorded radio-echoes, even when there were no V-2 rockets in flight The riddle was soon solved by Dr. J. S Hey The mysterious echoes did not come from rockets but from meteors.

Radar detection essentially consists of the reflection of radio-waves But it must not be supposed that the meteors themselves reflect—in many cases meteors no bigger than a pea being recorded. The actual fact is that the meteors rush towards the earth a hundred times faster than a rifle bullet The air friction at such terrific speeds produces intense heat This makes them burn giving out light. During this process the air particles are broken into charged fragments known as ions These fragments form a sort of charged cloud It is this cloud, which by throwing back the radiowaves is being detected in the Radar apparatus. This chance discovery has opened up a new field in the study of meteors.

*Photosensitive Glass.*

Following the fact that glass long exposed to heat and light changed its colour, the researches conducted at the Corning Glass Works of United States reveal some interesting facts Crystal-clear Ruby-Glass on treatment with ultraviolet light and radiant heat gives rise to several shades of colour A photosensitive glass has now been developed, in which pictures may be printed with 3-dimensional effect caused by depth of image penetration and with a variety of colours, that is true to the finest detail.

The light sensitive ingredients are mixed into the 'batch' before smelting, so that it forms an integral part of the glass. Prints are made first by ultraviolet light exposure and then heating in an oven to a temperature of 1000.° to 1100°F. After baking for about half an hour a picture is formed with coloured particles, so fine that the individual particles cannot be distinguished by the miroscope. Photographs in blue, purple, ruby and orange are possible with this glass.

*How About Smell?*

Waves of the electromagnetic type are responsible for the function of smell, according to a theory developed at Yale University. Accordingly our nose is a complete transmitter-receiver set It must be recalled that the older theory of smell associated it with chemical reactions

Tiny wavebeams are sent out to a substance to be smelled, the major portion of which will be absorbed. But a part is reflected and this reflection will depend on the molecular structure of the substance. The reflected beam returning to the nose is detected and deciphered by a nerve mechanism rivalling in complexity and sensitivity the optic nerve system.

The particular waveband used by the nose consists of an 'octave' from 80,000A to 140,000A [i e. from 8/1000 to 14/1000 cm] This band is scientifically known as the 'Osmic band' The nose, in this connection, acquires a jaw-breaking scientific name—'osmic radiation receiver.' The theory took its origin from experiments with insects that smell with feelers like roaches and bees and quantitative agreement was obtained between theory and experiment.

E. C. George.

# ON MATHEMATICS

From the schoolboy, who is faced with his Herculean problem of finding the cost of twelve mangoes, each at the rate of two annas, to the college student, who, with his refined sense of discriminating things, is of opinion that Mathematics is materially beneficial neither to humanity nor to himself, every student has cultivated a dislike towards Mathematics. The very word Mathematics is associated with dulness, boredom and drudgery. Yet it is an undisputed fact among scientists of eminence that Mathematics is 'the Queen among the Sciences.' Why a student with normal intelligence fails to find interest in such a subject evokes a great curiosity, which is partly, though not fully, the purpose of this essay to answer

Aversion towards Mathematics is mainly due to the voluminous nothing that is presented to the young brain at an early stage. Geometry, without which the early Greeks thought there was no true culture, Algebra, in which every adventure of $x$ and $y$ appears more thrilling than those in a detective story and many such branches of knowledge which must be of great interest to every seeker after knowledge, are entirely denied to our schoolboy. But the more weighty cause, responsible for creating a dislike not only of Mathematics but of every other art and science, is our system of examinations. It has been ascertained, as a necessary evil, so that, reduced to utter despair and dismay, we can only pray against it now

Letting this question aside, let us see what is really sweet and beautiful about this subject. The criticism which is usually levelled against Mathematics, is that it passes out of our world of reality. Certainly it does But one cannot fail to accept that the highest intellectual pleasure of a man can be felt only when he escapes from reality and enters the unseen world of fiction and imagination. Such pleasure is experienced by a mathematician, when he deals with imaginary numbers, infinite collections and space of n-dimensions. You, my reader, may fail to see the interest attached to it. But you must not forget the good old saying, 'One man's meat is another's poison.' For, I feel sure that none can appreciate the various branches of the vast realm of art. One may delight himself in music, another in painting, a third in amassing wealth, and yet another in leading a well-balanced life. So too the mathematician takes delight in pondering over his vast set of imaginaries. In this sense, Mathematics is an art.

That branch of Mathematics, which throws light on the problems of Physics, Engineering, Astronomy and even on Sciences like Economics, is known as Applied Mathematics—a Science in which imagination is modified by reality. The very universe in which we are living is subject to the laws of this Science. Prof. Einstein's 'Theory of Relativity', the most modern approach to examine the inner workings of this mysterious universe is based highly on Mathematics. Physicists were formerly struggling to think of space as having been composed of an all-pervading material called 'Ether,' which transmits waves of light, heat and sound. But it was left to a mathematician to examine how such a theory is defective and to substitute another in its place. His theory states that universe is not merely a physical entity but that it is composed of three dimensions of space and one of time, the two being so closely linked together, that none of these by itself has a separate existence, but only a mixture of these called 'Continuum' survives. Viewed in this light, all the phenomena of nature become easily explicable Thus, this Science of Mathematics is highly helpful to those who want to examine the very working of nature.

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# SPECTACLES GALORE

P. R. V. BHIMAN

The other day. I was shocked to see a spectacled waiter in a restaurant at Mount Road. One can't airily say to such a creature 'Get me a cup of coffee' for fear he may commence a lecture on 'Coffee as a slow poison'; or tip him just a couple of annas when he may haughtily draw himself up and inform you frigidly that his usual fee is twenty rupees. For there is nothing so suggestive of a teacher or a professional man as a pair of spectacles. Not that there are no teachers or lawyers or doctors who defy convention and scandalize public opinion by refusing to provide themselves with a second line of defence on the 'sight front.' But these are rare, as rare as the spectacled waiter himself.

It is very strange that no cyclopaedic mind has yet attempted a comprehensive study on 'Spectacles through the Ages.' The origin of these useful appendages is lost in the mists, if not of antiquity at least of medievalism. In olden days one imagines they were rarely seen outside monasteries and with good reason too. In the rough and tumble of life in those ages short-sighted men had no chance of survival outside monastery walls; even now spectacles are frowned upon in the Army and, it pains one to say, by the Public Service Commissions too though to a lesser extent. But as civilization advances and the appeal to brute force becomes a thing of the past we may confidently expect a world of spectacled highbrows very soon.

Of course I do not mean to imply that such a state of things will come about all too smoothly. Difficulties are bound to crop up at every step. It may all begin with the spectacle-manufacturers (who seldom wear glasses) creating an artificial scarcity when they see the promising rise in demand. Then some bold champion of the dumb masses may, at great risk to his eyes (for the said manufacturers will stoop to any trick), sponsor a bill for a ceiling price

for spectacles. Most of the members of the legislature will support it but some opposition may be expected from people so blind that glasses are no help and who consequently go about saying that they can't afford to wear them at prevailing prices. The forces of reaction and unreason will however be suppressed eventually and the way will be paved for an era of peace on earth and spectacles on nose.

There is likely to be another difficulty though. I have sounded most of my men friends on the subject and they have all confessed that their dream women do not wear glasses. Through natural selection then I envisage, at that critical period of future history (pardon the contradiction in terms) I have mentioned, a world of women with unnaturally good eyes who yet hanker after the air of distinction which nothing but spectacles can confer on them There may be in consequence an agitation for spectacles for the able-eyed drawing its inspiration mainly from clear-sighted women voters. We may pass over the various stages of that agitation and assume that the ideal has at last been achieved.

It will be a mistake to imagine that there will be no sore trials for man in that era-to-be. Fashion may dictate that spectacles should be changed every month and create a problem for middle-class householders. Special nurses may have to be appointed to persuade the four-year-old to suffer glasses gladly in company. Women, fickle as ever, may try to go back on their own principles and wear less and less of glasses in the shape of expensive 'evening spectacles.' There may eventually rise a cult of 'back to Nature' gaining in strength as the years roll by. The more sophisticated, we may expect, will be the first to join this movement. Heavens, what will this lead to? Perhaps to a world where only waiters continue to wear glasses.

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choice of boons she did not jump at the offer to ask for Satyavan. Her filial duty came before her own needs, and so she requested the God to

'Grant him sight and grant him vigour'

and also to

'Grant him back his wealth and kingdom'.

Now, if Sāvitri is spotless why did she have her husband back at all? She could have enjoyed the bliss in a spiritual union. Yes, she could have. But read these lines again.

ममात्मजं सत्यवतस्तथौरसं
भवेदुभाभ्यामिह यत्कुलोद्वहम् ।
शतं सुतानां etc.

She requests that the royal line of his family may thrive and for that she may be granted children. There is not the least bit of passion in this request. She wants Satyavan to come back to her, not to share the earthly pleasures together, but to raise progeny to keep alive the royal line. It is no thought of her own pleasures but one of the duties incidental to a king—Satyavan that makes her plead for his life.

There is no question of the superiority of one queen over the other Both are noble characters each in her own way. When Wordsworth shows us the futility of love coloured by passion, however intense the former might be, Vyasa brings to us the truth of immaculate love, and the miracle it had wrought. Sāvitri is the sequel to Laodamia.

T. M. PURUSHOTHAM NEDUNGADI.

# DUBIOUS BATTLE

*A story of life and action by*

GEORGE ISAAC

*and*

S. S SUBRAMANIAM

He lay on his back on the table with his gloved hands hanging loosely down There was the sickly sweet taste of blood in his mouth and the raw skin on his chest smarted as the sweat poured down his body. He closed his eyes and listened exultantly to the crowd shouting outside. George took off his gloves, unwound the tape round his fingers and examined the white skin He made a swab, and dipped it in a little bottle of benzoin and touched the cut on his fingers and his lips. 'You are a savage! You have taken a hell of a beating! Now get out of here and have a bath' Krish laughed as he jumped lightly off the table, 'Thanks a lot, doc!' When he had got to the door George called out again 'Best of luck for the fight tomorrow.' Krish turned and smiled 'Thanks a lot again, doc.'

He pulled on his clothes and got outside —there was a crowd waiting for him. He cut across to the main building of the college and ran down beside the science block. She was waiting for him at the window and when she smiled the dull ache at the back of his head disappeared

She said, 'I was waiting for you. I knew you would come. Are you hurt?'

'Not much. It was an easy fight.' She said 'I hope you win your finals tomorrow against Kripaker.' He was suddenly serious 'I am, I am going to beat his brains out.' He stopped and went on 'You remember in our Junior, one day Kripaker was kicking up a row in class and teasing me to attract attention. I turned round and slapped him in the class. He didn't do anything then, but, a week later his gang caught me on the road alone—I was frog-marched to the football field. There Bhojan got behind and locked my hands to my sides and Hari caught my legs. Then Kripaker slapped me up and informed me that it was the normal fate of anyone who dared insult the Great Kripaker—of course I spat in his face. After that I was effectively beaten up and Bhojan, while hacking merrily away at my shins assured me that before I could deal with Kripaker I would have to deal with Bhojan' He broke off and looked at her face 'You are much too beautiful to look so serious, wait till tomorrow' He was smiling 'You know Kripaker's father, who was quite a boxer in his day has promised to send him to America if he wins tomorrow'

Kripaker came down the corridor. He was smoking a cigarette and was very good looking with wide shoulders. He was wearing brown gabrideni slacks and a canary yellow silk shirt. He came up smiling. 'Hullo! Krish old boy What a murderous fight it was today. I hope you don't treat me like that tomorrow.' He smiled at Amriti. 'The Fair Lady of My Dreams, and How are you? May I give you a lift home in my car?'

After they had left Amriti at home, he drove to the Pantheon. 'Come in for a bit, I want to talk to you' Inside, Kripaker sipped his coffee, lit a cigarette and blew a magnificent smoke ring He leaned across the table and said 'Look Krish! Tomorrow's fight means a great deal to me. If I win my father has promised to send me to America.' Kripaker blew another ring and Krish watched it float upwards. He could feel the anger coagulating into a fiery ball in his stomach. Kripakar went on slowly. 'You are miser-

ably poor. If I win the fight tomorrow it will be worth Rs. 500 to you.' There was silence, then Kripaker said 'Well!' Krish's tongue seemed to stick in his mouth, with an effort he said 'I'll think about it.'

Kripaker crushed his cigarette into his tray and finished the coffee, he was smiling and looked extraordinarily handsome in the bright cafe lights. 'I knew you would oblige, you are an intelligent guy, shall we go home?' 'No, thanks! I want to hang around a bit, I shall get back by bus'

o o o

Krish climbed into the ring and the crowd began to cheer. Kripaker was in the opposite corner wearing a black silk dressing gown with golden lions on it. The second checked his gloves. George looked worried. 'Say Krish, there are a lot of dirty rumours about, they are saying that you have sold this fight.' Krish turned, 'To hell with them! I am going to kill this fellow.'

Kripaker came out of the corner smoothly and led with a left-right attack to the head. Krish bowed out of the way and the crowd was roaring Kripaker was going to take the initiative. Krish side-stepped the first charge and connected with his right in the process. He moved to the centre. Kripaker charged again. This time Krish stood his ground and broke the attack with a clean left to the chest. He followed up the advantage and Kripaker was against the ropes. Kripaker tried to clinch but Krish punched him off, but he was not fast enough. Kripaker slid off the ropes and into the centre. They stood toe to toe and punched it out till the bell rang.

The second round began. Kripaker was more cautious and covered up carefully Krish was moving fast and met Kripaker almost in his corner. He feinted with his right and connected solidly to the body with his left. Kripaker grunted and lowered his defence and took a murderous attack on his body. He punched Krish off and they circled cautiously. Krish led with his left to the head but Kripaker dodged below and his gloves hammered wickedly at Krish's body before they went into a clinch. Kripaker said, 'Don't be a damned fool' and Krish laughed between his clenched teeth. The referee separated them and Kripaker attacked. Krish felt his thumb jam viciously into his eye and as he desperately closed up for a clinch Kripaker's elbow cracked across the side of his head. He moved back and hit to the body and followed with a terrific upper cut which sent Kripaker to the canvas just as the bell rang

In the corner the seconds swarmed over him. George said 'You are going to get one hell of a black eye, where the devil was that referee looking.' Some one was massaging his thighs and saying 'You all right, you all right.' He said, 'Sure I am all right.' George said, 'We are winning, play hell out of that fellow.'

The bell rang. They met in the centre of he ring Kripaker swung his body to contact with his left. Krish dodged but not fast enough, Kripaker feinted with his left then closed for a two fisted attack to the body. Krish's guard was down He took a right to the chest and a left to the chin and was down on the canvas He got on to his hands and feet and could hear the crowd hooting The referee let him get up He said, 'Fight properly'. Krish nodded and put up his guard, Kripaker came out of his corner with a rush, they went into a clinch, then Krish was on the floor. He got up. The referee said, 'No fooling' Kripaker closed up and again swung his shoulders in a terrific left right attack to the head Krish crumpled to the canvas.

The swirling world around him seemed to slow down gradually and finally come to a stop. He was lying on the table in the dressing room. He could hear the thin high voice of a Junior Intermediate say 'Really I am not a good boxer, it has happened before at school, I get frightened, but anyway, I never sold a fight.' There was a burst of laughter, then somebody said: 'Not very good acting though, he was throwing the fight away—a bit too obvious.' Another voice said 'A thousand rupees is a lot of money, I might have done the same thing myself.' Then he heard George's voice. He said, 'Get out of here, that fellow

is so damned poor, he has got a right to do what he wants.'

Krish sat up slowly and slid off the table. The tongue was thick and unmanageable in his mouth. He said 'I didn't do it. Do you see, I didn't do it, it's a lie.' They looked at him strangely. He caught George by the collar. 'You know, I didn't do it, I didn't sell the fight.' George didn't say anything. He carefully disengaged himself and walked away. Krish was alone in the room.

He pulled on his pants and shirt and went outside. They were all looking at him. He got into the college buildings and went down the corridor. When he came to the library he stopped and leant against the wall

Kripaker came down the corridor The hair was neatly combed and there was a strip of plaster across his forehead. 'Thanks a lot Krish, that was very nice of you' He smiled charmingly and Krish closed his eyes. 'Sorry for hitting so hard, had to make the end a bit dramatic.' He brought out a wad of notes and held it out Krish made no move Kripaker frowned and pushed the wad into Krish's trouser pocket 'Well thanks again, I'll never forget this!'

When he felt better he ran down the corridor to the science block till he came to the window. She was waiting He said, 'You don't believe I sold the fight, do you?' He caught her hand and twisted it and his voice was hoarse 'I didn't sell the fight. I didn't, you believe me' 'No' she said, 'You didn't sell the fight, I believe you' Then he saw that she was crying. He pulled out his handerchief and then she saw the 100 Rs. notes on the floor. She jumped down from the window sill and ran sobbing down the corridor

He stood looking uncomprehendingly at the green bits of paper and then walked away He began to run. Near the college gate he fell forward and lay still

The doctor pushed his way through the crowd of students and knelt over the prone body He put the stethoscope away and pulled back the eyelids. He said, 'A displaced blood clot in the brain must have formed during the fight yesterday A hit on the head must have dislodged it.' The ambulance rumbled in and two porters pushed through the crowd with stretchers The crowd gave way in silence as they carried him out of the college in defeat and in death

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*(Continued from page 58)*

intellectually superior, and we are glad to know that he is not for ever kept in humiliation as a martyr for the fallacy he has clearly seen through. That would have changed the comedy into tragi-comedy.

The cock Chanteclair (in a play by Edmond Rostand) had noticed that the sun always rose after he had crowed His conclusion was that his crowing *caused* the sunrise One can imagine his annoyance, when one morning the sun rose *before* he had crowed! The poor cock had made the fallacy *post hoc—ergo propter hoc.* Never should we say, Effect! only because a certain event happens after another, even if it does so often, or always. The former event may be caused by another event that is, as it were, yoked with the latter. Or the so-called cause and the so-called effect may both be the effects of a third factor Great care is necessary in our casual arguments. That is the best way to avoid the ridicule brought upon Rostand's cock, when he, alone among all the hens, set about crowing, *after* the sunrise. One has a feeling that there was not much of festivity about the cock-crow that morning.

When a Swedish farmer's wife saw a dromedary for the first time, she looked with compassion at the humps and exclaimed: 'Poor animal! How it must have suffered. Two such big tumours!' From similarity in appearance she concluded similarity in cause Through this intellectual activity the world was enriched by one noble feeling and one invalid analogy. But it is probably not often a logical fallacy makes life morally better.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING UNIMPORTANT

C. SEKAER.

War-like Zulu yells and Apach-Indian war cries broke me away from dreamland I blinked and yawned. What, with all this savagery about, how could one expect to sleep? I stepped out into the chill air as some sonorous timekeeper chimed three. I peered about for the Apaches and Zulus hoping for the worst. Of course there was nothing of the kind Malan and Truman knew to keep them in their places Looking in the direction of the howls, streams of civilized humanity, bare to the waist, rending the air with their cries, with weapons that looked like pillows, were banging away with all their might at a tall, sparingly built youth. I felt pity for the victim who had, only a few hours earlier, been elected chief of his tribe, and according to hoary custom, was paying for his foolhardiness in blows. After all he had asked for it. I remembered how passionately he had spoken; how he would have done this or that if only we elected him chief. He was only reaping the harvest. At this my pity for the battered youth changed to wrath—slow gnawing wrath—the silly officious nincompoop!

Somebody had once remarked to me that the life of a nation is mirrored in its colleges and schools I do not know how far this is applicable to India, for fortunately the 'salt' of India can never afford to find their way to colleges with all its petty irresponsible revelry The average student, always so cock-sure of himself outwardly but so timid and diffident within, always trying to get on top of other peoples' shoulders, thinking himself the creator of the Creator, ever so incompetent and always with an adroitness of the tongue that would disarm anybody—this petty specimen today thinks in terms of Asian leadership, nay, of spiritual leadership of the world. What illusions! There was a time, no doubt when he could rightly represent the enlightened section of his country. But today! History and Nature have marched ahead leaving him in the cold. The Science of Evolution states that Man, when he has ceased to be progressive will be superseded by Superman. The class that he represents is no longer in accordance with Nature's rules and as surely as the days fall into nights, worthier people are bound to succeed him. His days are numbered and not unlike the Romans overrun by the Huns, even so this petty, pleasure seeking world of his will have to make way for more dynamic forces. Where is that rock-foundation in him that distinguishes the grain from the chaff—foundations of character and moral purpose? With a half-caste culture, neither Oriental nor Occidental, with a boorish, sexy and primitive sense of the Beautiful and Holy, of Truth and Nobility, with his animal passions in full power, how does he hope to stay the storm that will surely, one day or other, topple him down like a pack of cards. In what mystical self-deception do we live that we cannot face facts and call a spade a spade but must go rummaging empty cupboards thinking that we are doing a wonderful job. Where is that sense of the wonderful, of the Glorious and of Adventure that is such a vital constituent of a really progressive people? And yet we talk of leadership!

My thoughts turned. The Zulu howls have become higher pitched. Shouts of savage croakings from sweating throats make me shudder. My wrath against the president turned once more into pity—this time almost a fatherly pity. He had been the incarnation of incompetence and self-interest, but after all he knew no better False ideas of greatness, popularity and ambition had made him contest for power, but he lacked the essentials for fame and greatness—a serious view on life, not a frivolous and irresponsible view with the 'each for himself and the devil take the

hindmost' attitude, and a spirit of give and take, a spirit so peculiarly rare nowadays. He knew well enough that responsibility was no easy master but sitll his pride, his conceit, his desire for greatness, made him take the fatal step. A worthy step undoubtedly, but a step that must necessarily be reinforced with qualities other than he possessed. Hence his fall—a fall so symbolic of the whole section of society to which he is bound up mentally, culturally and materially.

I sneaked back to bed, glad that I was obscure—perhaps only a few recognise me as myself. Perhaps I may be a failure in the world as my people are so wont to say, but I prefer to be a failure with me hidden in the darkest recluse than parade the baser elements of vanity, conceit, and hypocrisy and self deception instead of trying to curb them. I might live a life of self torment, for life without self-deception and hypocrisy is so miserable and melancholy and nothing is possible without these twins, but, still again, I know where I stand and what to expect and need fear nothing about 'loss of face' or 'prestige to be maintained'.

The savage yells have increased in intensity and volume. Their are ducking their chief. Poor fellow!

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(*Continued from page* 60)

Sam. Big Brother Stalin asks why Uncle Sam should keep no eye on what mischief his little boys make. 'Look at me' he says 'How my little comrades do everything to the plan' I dictate. In other words they plan and decide what all should be produced and how—not like America who does not have any plan or programme but only production and production and production.

Com. Stalin says this must stop and he believes his is the better way If America does not follow suit, Russia will see how sense can be driven into the erring child, wasting the bountifulness of nature.

Which one do you like?—an orderly way of doing things making for your need and then for others? Or doing just as it pleases you and suits your convenience. Just as it is said that one's face is one's fortune, so also your purchase is your choice When you buy a cigarette at the normal price and buy the same when inflation has shot up its price and insist on the same fag when devaluation further adds to the price, that means you want the fag and approve of the way it is produced and brought to you through the spiral of inflation and the vagaries of devaluation, all of which we know is simply uncle Sam's naughty selfishness Don't frown at me—Have your cigarette if you want but please remember this.

K. George Chacko

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## AN ESSAY ON IDDLY

Iddly is a town in the Plantain Leaf district, situated on the river Gingily Oil, which flows into the Sambar lake, gets flooded and the people find shelter on the Chatni mountains in the Molakapodi forest The mountains are pulled down and washed away into the Coffee ocean where by chance the Halwa boat comes to the rescue. The people are taken to the Betel islands inhabited by Arecanuts whose occupation is cultivation of tobacco on the Chunnam hills.

S. Radhakrishnan.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## FINES

To

The Editor,

The Madras Christian College Magazine.

Sir,

As a budding economist, and as one who has paid as much by way of fines as fees, allow me to remind the College authorities of the economic consequences of raising the fine from one to four annas.

For the important thing about this new fine is that it hits at the barest necessities of a student; for four annas is, as everyone knows, the price of an ice-cream. Now, I call on Mr. Macphail to imagine, with all the intensity of which he is capable, that he has an ice-cream in his hand, a spoon in the other, and an eager look in his eyes. Suddenly Mr. T P. John comes up, snatches the ice-cream from his hand and empties it into his account book And he continues to commit this atrocity every day for a month—after which unthinkable penalties will follow.

Now, I wouldn't perhaps mind it so much if these abducted ice-creams were enjoyed by Mr T. P. John or even by the grave Mr. Macphail. But no: it goes into the bowels of an open-mouthed, unfeeling monster called the Cooper Fund Can the Cooper Fund eat ice-cream? Bah!

And on this note, dear editor, I end my letter

Yours faithfully,

M P.

## TELEPHONES

Sir,

It is a regrettable fact that I bring to your notice, the absence of telephones in the residential Halls. Whereas the whole world has been made smaller by devices like the wireless and television, our Halls deny themselves the bare necessity of a telephone. Perhaps they want to dissociate themselves from the mad craze for bridging distances. But you can't flout modern civilization with impunity. I give below some of the inconveniences caused to us thereby.

When I went to the Medical College Hostel recently, my friends asked me 'What is the telephone number of your Hostel?' I had to hang down my head in shame as I blurted out 'Our halls have no telephones'. 'What a pity' they chorused in disdain.

Yours sincerely,

Z. Govinda Rajulu,

*Bishop Heber Hall.*

## RAIN HOLIDAYS IN TAMBARAM

Sir,

'What! Rain Holidays? I have never heard of them.' An old veteran like me who has roamed about the portals of this college for five long years knows how to sympathise with the junior student. He does not know what he misses. I remember those good old days when it was a fashion not to own an umbrella, when the rains came down in torrents giving rise to some discussion over a plate of Puri and Potato of how to attend classes without getting drenched, and when it was a common sight to see students rushing to the college, some keeping their books over their heads as a protection against the rain washing away the powder on their faces, and some keeping them inside their shirts being more concerned about their books than their heads, when a circular would come to the joy of everybody, declaring the day as a Rain Holiday.

One year especially we were very fortunate in having a number of Rain Holidays The story goes that the Principal of that time while coming to college on his bicycle on a rainy day had a toss and spoilt his new suit by falling into a ditch and that he was wise afterwards.

It is sincerely hoped that the present Principal gets over his unsympathetic attitude towards Rain Holidays and that the joy and excitement of a Rain Holiday is not denied to the student generation of today.

A. Gnanaolivu.

# COLLEGE NOTES

## THE EXHIBITION

The Science Exhibition with which we began this term has taken so much of everyone's time that most other things have been overshadowed. We hope the magazine will show the exhibition from a sufficient variety of points of view.

## THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH

The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sir A Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, in opening the exhibition, did us the honour of comparing our exhibition with the permanent exhibition maintained by the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. Such exhibitions, he said, which do not aim at what is curious, but at models which enable us to see how things actually work, can do far more to enable boys to understand what goes on inside an engine than a great many books and lectures. It can even keep the people in close touch with the latest scientific developments.

We began to wonder whether our exhibition would come up to the standard which the Vice-Chancellor expected, and were glad to reflect that although we had a number of side-shows that were merely amusing, there was in each department a main sequence of exhibits which would help the ordinary man to grasp the principles of the subject

Sir Lakshmanaswami also said that it was private industry that had pushed America to the forefront of industrial prosperity. An American industrialist had told him that if the labourer in America had a house, car and radio of his own, and enjoyed social amenities, it was made possible because there was no nationalisation

Stressing the need for encouraging students and teachers to visit other countries, he said that this is in line with the ancient educational ideals of Taxila and Nalanda. It was not only desirable but essential for students who have an initial qualification, and have reached a certain stage of intellectual development to go abroad for post-graduate studies. Dr. Mudaliar said that this is so in every subject about which he is specially qualified to speak.

## NEWS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Rao Bahadur V. S. CHENGALVARAYA PILLAI has retired from his post as Personal Assistant to the Inspector-General of Registration, Madras He is a distinguished Tamil scholar, and has kindly written a review for this number of the magazine.

JESUDASAN NOBLE is an advocate in Palamcottah.

J M. NOBLE is Postmaster in Trichinopoly.

HIRILAL SHA re-visited the college in November, and gave a showing of some of the beautiful 8-mm. films he has been taking, both in colour and in black-and-white. The scenes of college life—sports, a Hall Day, and a zoology excursion—were very much enjoyed.

EDWARD SAMUEL is the Assistant Master for History in the Church of Scotland Mission High School in Arkonam.

## A WORD FROM THE NEWS EDITOR

I see that most of the Reports for the College Magazine are written in a hurry—just when I ask for it. It is obvious, therefore, that the Reports thus produced are often incomplete and very often written in a haphazard manner.

I therefore request the Secretaries of various societies to get the Report done early enough. Keep an eye on the Notice boards! This would not only give the readers more information but also enhance the general quality of the magazine.

# BOOK REVIEW

*Katturai Virundu.*—By P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A. Rs. 2/- 145 pp.

'Katturai Virundu' which means a 'Feast of Essays' is offered to the Tamil Public by Mr. P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A., Lecturer in the Madras Christian College, a Tamil Scholar known alike for his vast learning and deep piety. The appellation 'Feast' given to the essays is quite appropriate because just as a feast is supposed to be grand and inviting only when we have eatables of different tastes, similarly, the essays to be a real feast to the mind should furnish the reader with a variety of instructive and interesting information The latter feast ought to be more welcome than the former, seeing that while the taste furnished by the ordinary feast is stated to be only of six varieties and the pleasure derived therefrom lasts only for a short time i e., while on the tongue and only up to the throat, the taste furnished by the 'Feast of Essays' is of nine varieties (nava rasams) and the pleasure afforded by them is everlasting and refreshing In the 'Feast of Essays' now presented by Mr. Chettiar one or other of the nine rasams is conspicuous e g., 'Rowdram (anger)' in the Essay in 'Lakshmanan's Anger', 'Mercy (Karunai)' in the Essay on 'Saint Ramalingar's Mind and Art', 'Fear and Pathos' in the history of Adi-mandiyar, 'Courage and fearlessness' in the first two essays on the life of the ancient Tamils, 'Love and Beauty' in the Essay on Tiruk-kövayar, 'Disgust and abhorrence on the transient nature of life' in the Essay on Chudamani and Kundalakesi and so forth. The author himself has set out in brief in the last essay the eight tastes as set out in Tolkappiyam—(the most ancient Tamil grammar extant) and illustrated them by apt quotations The ten essays contained in the book relate to subjects well-chosen, are written in a very chaste and lucid style, and are pregnant with information relating to the culture and civilisation of the Tamils more than 1500 years ago, by bringing out in bold relief such salient points as—(1) how kings were honoured, (2) how administration was carried on (3) what privileges people enjoyed (4) how warfare was conducted (5) how trade advanced (6) how people cared more for their honour and self-respect than for their life and in what high level the moral standards of men and women stood (7) how cultured, civilised and brave women were and (8) what high principles were taught by the works of the then Jain and Buddhist authors and in what strong terms they condemned the practice of slaughter of animals

The book will be very useful to the students of Tamil literature and the Universities* have done well in prescribing the book as a Text Book. There is a Tamil adage that a cat which has once found an article to its taste in the pot kept in the *Uri* (a hanging network of rope) would go on jumping at the Uri any number of times; similarly, the Tamil Public who have relished the 'Feast of Essays' now presented by Mr. Chettiar would press him again and again to feast them often with his welcome 'Feasts of Essays'.

V. S. Chengalvaraya Pillai

* Andhra, Annamalai, Mysore and Travancore Universities

# COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED 1949-50

*The Scottish Church College Magazine*, Calcutta, September 1949.

*The Madras Medical College Magazine*, October 1949.

*The Serampore College Magazine*, September 1949.

*Women's Christian College Magazine*, Madras, August 1949.

# HALL REPORTS

## ST. THOMAS'S HALL

The activities of the Hall are progressing in full swing, the freshmen also having been infected with the Hall spirit. The Hall tournaments have started in right earnest and every evening most of the members are either in the indoor games room or out in the fields. Between Dominic and J. T. Thomas, both always arranging matches, members are kept very busy. The Sports Secretary is making an all-out attempt to win the shield this time. The Debates which have to be held even on week days speak much for the eagerness of the Hall to supply Free India with oratorical talents. P. G. John is becoming fast popular as the mess secretary with the experiments in the 'menu' which he makes from week to week to win the approval of the members as well as the mess manager.

The excellent condition of the Veg. mess is maintained, thanks to the silent efficiency of Dorairaj. Our terminal entertainment comes off on the 5th of November. Not satisfied with the vast audience which our entertainments always collect the Secretary has managed to get Mr. R. Ranjan the famous film artiste as one of the distinguished spectators.

Despite all the numerous extra-curricular activities the studious atmosphere prevailing in the hall shows the influence the selection examination has upon the students.

T. M. P. NEDUNGADI,
*General Secretary.*

## SELAIYUR HALL

During the busy time of our last Terminal Examinations when others were burning midnight oil, we saw our young Dorai Raj carry home a cup of immense size to Selaiyur, of course ably supported by his partner Stephen of Bishop Heber, having won the Inter-Collegiate Table Tennis Doubles event.

We are glad to record that in the field of University games whatever share our college got in Basket-ball, Cricket and Foot-ball, Selaiyur had its full part. E. J. Mathew and C. A. Alexander [Basket-ball], C. D. Gopinath, Chinnadorai and Kannaiyaram [Cricket], C. R. D. James, P. C. George and E. Canagalingam [Foot-ball] are the University Blues.

One of our leading members of Selaiyur, K. Radhakrishna Menon, won the coveted prize for the best speaker at the oratorical contest for the arts colleges in the city.

The Selaiyur Theatre was filled to capacity to hear the interesting lecture of Mr. Hodgson on 'Travels in France' This is just a point to tell you that the secretary of Literary and Debating is up and kicking

Discussion was a feature of our General Body meeting for this term which lasted for over two and a quarter hours. Although the nutritious value of the Banana was fully considered the house unanimously decided in favour of the motion proposed by Radhakrishna Menon to forward to the Bursar to reduce the enhanced cost of the Banana to 6 pies. The climax was reached when a resolution was pushed to a secret Ballot for the following morning The resolution referred to was 'to live on the 8 ozs. ration, to miss a meal a week and to grow more food.' Proposed and seconded by Fernando and George Isaac.

We claim that there is now a pleasant atmosphere around, since Mrs. Macnicol has come back with the children.

The athletes of our Hall have just gone out for the Varsity Trials and we wish them all success.

N KANNAIYARAM,
*General Secretary.*

## BISHOP HEBER HALL

Very seldom does one at Tambaram get a perfect thrill—a thrill to the body and the soul alike Such was the one that a large group of men and women experienced within the gates of Heber on her Hall Day. The whole Hall was magnificently decorated and the flood-lit quadrangle was a sight many did not miss The Hall was astir right from the early hours of the morning The celebrations of the day commenced with the Holy Eucharist and a little later the Rev. R. S. Macnicol delivered the

Commemoration service sermon, in a chapel all of flowers. Large numbers of men and women came pouring in by tea time. After tea and meeting the fete was crowned with a thrilling entertainment. The sparkling plays, our charming dames on the stage in flowing sarees and above all the exquisite and unforgettable dances of Roy Choudhry added colour and splendour to the occasion. The thrill continued till the small hours of the next morning when one could still hear popular songs, sung and resung in several parts of the Hall, thanks to the chief guest of the day Mr. Justice Bashir Ahmed Sayed who set the ball rolling.

On October 12th the second Heber Olympics was inaugurated by Mr. D. R. Jesudian who lighted the Olympic torch. Thereafter a procession with lighted candles was taken out from the quadrangle to the Basket-ball Court where the first match of the tournament was played.

All the various societies are functioning satisfactorily. The Hall choir is heading along with practices for the great occasion that is imminent, the carol service that comes off at the end of the term.

With deep sorrow we record the untimely death of one of our former students Mr. Daniel Anand Moses who passed away last summer after a period of brief illness.

P. V. Jacob,
*General Secretary.*

# HOSTEL REPORTS

## WOMEN STUDENTS' HOSTEL

See the report of the Women Students' Union.

## BEGUM

When for the first time we learnt that obtaining residence in one of the halls was entirely out of the question, we were all seriously perturbed and procuring suitable lodgings became our major problem. But we need not have been alarmed at all for 'Begum' was there ready to welcome us all and today we are all happy in having found a common home in Tambaram.

At the first meeting of the inmates, the office-bearers for the year were elected, Mathew Philip being chosen as the Student Warden of the Lodge. But unfortunately, the 'Warden' left the lodge for Pammal early this term and so T. R. Govinda Warrier is the 'Warden' at present.

At a special meeting, the need for keeping regular study-hours was recognised and now complete silence is maintained voluntarily from 6 a m. to 9 a m and from 8 p m. to 11 p m

We celebrated our ducking—and initiation ceremony—early in the year and the 'pillowing-day' followed its wake.

We are having a regular reading-room also. Now we are getting down 2 dailies, 3 weeklies, 1 fortnightly and 2 magazines.

The inmates are all orators and musicians at the same time for neither on the 'Hat-night' nor at the 'Sing-song' did a single member avoid the function or the Stage!

Provision has been made for Draughts and Cards while Valley-ball and Basket-ball are the favourite out-door games.

At the Exams also, we hope to give a good account of ourselves and I think we have every reason to hope that we will all be able to escape detention.

T R. Govinda Warrier.

## OTHER HOSTELS

We have no report from the other hostels, but we know that Sankara Vilas has existed as a hostel for college students for something like ten years, and many post-graduate students have led a studious existence there. Its building, right against the college fence, has had new rooms added this year. And two or three hostels, with the names Meston Villa and Solomon Villa occupy, like Begum, good large houses in the Staff Colony to the east of the college campus. Do we need more research into their history ?

# SOCIETIES

## COLLEGE UNION

After the Inaugural Meeting the next step in the progress of the activities of the College Union was the selection of the College Debating Team. Being very democratic in policy we held a selection debate on August 29. The subject was that 'India is not sufficiently secular in outlook to be a secular state.' As the subject seemed to offend the conscience of many of our patriots they all rallied round the platform in opposition, and it was a rather heated debate. Yes, that is what is wanted for a selection. After subjecting every speaker to a very close scrutiny and examination the distinguished judges, Prof. Chandran Devanesen and Rev. R S. Macnicol, came to the conclusion that the unique honour of representing our College should fall on George Isaac, T. P. Subramonian, K. Radhakrishna Menon, and K. George Chacko.

Coming now to the second term, we displayed our sense of responsibility as world citizens by celebrating the UNITED NATIONS DAY on October 24. Amidst the various conflicts of ideological and other political forces all the world over it is but fitting that we, in our peaceful setting, pay our homage to this World Organisation and seek to brighten the only lamp that sheds its little lustre in a darkening world. 'Strengthen the UNO' was the theme of the proceedings of the United Nations Day. At a meeting presided over by the Student-Chairman, Mr. S. C. C. Anthoni Pillai of the Indian Socialist Party spoke on the 'Unity of Nations.' He drove home to the audience the inevitable conclusion that lasting world peace and unity can be achieved only on the basis of socialism in each country. Mr. Hector Abheya Vardane who also addressed the meeting exhorted the students to take interest in the Young Socialist League.

And now we come to the highlight of our activities this year—the Inter-Collegiate Debate held by us for the award of the Gordon Matthews Rolling Cup, which came off on October 27. The Queen Mary's, Presidency, Madras Christian, Loyola, Pachaiyappa's, Government Arts, Vivekananda, Law, Madras Medical, Stanley Medical, Engineering, and Veterinary Colleges and the Madras Institute of Technology were the thirteen colleges that participated. Dr. A. J. Boyd presided. Mr. Robert Streeper, the American Consul General, Dr. B B. Dey, Retd Director of Public Instruction, and Mr. Hodgson of the British Council constituted the Board of Judges The subject was that 'Co-education is conducive neither to the proper development of the individual's personality nor to the nation's progress' And you who attended the debate should know how interesting it was! Queen Mary's College represented by Miss Gwen H. Mathews and Miss Sharda Pai, annexed the Rolling Cup. The best individual prize was awarded to Mr. Surendranath of Madras Medical. The second prize went to Mr. Shanmukham of Presidency. The special prize for the best woman speaker was secured by Miss Gwen Mathews.

We had an Oratorical triumph on November 1, when our team secured the first place at the Inter-Collegiate Debate held at the Government Arts College. K. Radhakrishna Menon, one of our representatives, secured the best Individual Prize. The subject for debate was that 'World Peace depends on the immediate formation of a World Federal Government.'

Under the auspices of the Madras Branch of the Service and Goodwill Mission the Chairmen and Secretaries of the College Unions of Madras have been meeting for some time to discuss a scheme of Inter-university Migration of Students to foster national unity and solidarity. The scheme has so far met with a considerable amount of success and we hope that in view of the growing support and popularity of the

scheme the Government and the Inter-university Board would soon consider the scheme and give effect to it.

A scheme has now come up for the formation of a National Union of Students, of which membership will be through College Unions. A local committee has been elected in Madras We are closely examining the scheme.

T. P. SUBRAMONIAN,
*Secretary.*

## WOMEN STUDENTS' UNION

We are proud to announce that we have a hostel of our own at last! It was opened at Pallavaram at the beginning of this term —all through the unceasing efforts of Mrs. Kibble The college authorities are to be thanked for having taken over part of the responsibility and we hope they will take over the full responsibility in future.

A few members joined the Biology students on an excursion to Porto Novo from the 4th to 6th November. We had an interesting time strolling along the beach, going out boating, visiting the Ashram (Basic Education Centre) there, and the temple at Chidambaram.

Look out for news about the Women's Hostel in the next issue. We believe the college is interested—Staff and Students!

CHANDRAMATHY THOMAS,
MOLLY PHILIP,
*Joint Secretaries.*

## CHRISTIAN UNION

We had our usual missionary visit to Sathur. A party of us returning after the Michaelmas vacation paid a visit to the place, in the hope of fulfilling our desire to get in direct touch with the conditions of our out-of-the-way parishes. The local congregation gathers for Sunday worship in a tiny little shed situated in a central village around which are scattered some four or five villages in near proximity. We were surprised to find that in the whole locality there were only two men who were able to speak to us in English and we were greatly embarrassed because of this, for all of us were Malayalees. This hindered our actual preaching too. These two men were supposed to be doing our translation for us But they too never had much understanding of English. One of us began a sermon by saying that he regretted having had to speak in a language that was neither his nor theirs and the interpretation was 'I am very happy to be in your midst,' or something like this. I am to say one thing to the future teams that may visit Sathur. Experience has taught us that it will be futile to attempt a missionary tour to Sathur without a Tamil-knowing friend in the party. Most of us were going to Sathur for the first time and hence we were just horrified to see the actual conditions in the village. Sathur had one sad, but real message for us—a message of hope; and one single appeal—an appeal for sincere, concentrated and planned missionary effort.

Then we had the provincial camp which was held this year at Arkonam. About a hundred and seventy students and senior leaders took part in it. As usual Tambaram headed the list of students this time also, giving a quota of about sixty. The usual complaint that in the S. C. M. Conferences there is only lip-service being done to the intellectual part of understanding the Gospel was unfounded at least this time. All the leaders and especially Rev D. T. Niles, were frank in making an intellectual appeal to students This aspect of the camp was highly appreciated. I do hope that we will have more of this in the future camps also, so that they will not be a matter of poor show and low esteem to our intellectual giants.

Our Drama Group was very active this term. It presented to the College a play called 'The Pagoda Tree'. The story is woven round Zacchaeus, the publican in the New Testament story. We raised a voluntary collection on the occasion in aid of our Rural Service Squad. The Drama Group is pushing ahead with further schemes and we may well have another play staged sometime during the course of this year

We were indeed very happy to have a general body meeting with the missionary team headed by Dr. Paton, of Tirupattur. The team consisted of Dr Paton, Mr S. Devanesan and Brother John Plotts. It was

kind of Mr. John Doraiswami, the N.M.S. Secretary to have arranged their visit to us and we are very thankful that the members of the team offered to stay here for a few days with the object of meeting our students personally and in small groups. I hope that their efforts will go a long way in revitalising our enthusiasts and instilling new life into our friends who are getting tired or exhausted.

All the other small groups inside the union are doing splendid work in their separate fields. A few teams continue to visit Pammal, our R. Sq. centre, to do vegetable gardening The Student Volunteer Missionary Union is meeting for prayer and intercession every Wednesday at 9-30 a m. in the Selaiyur Hall prayer room Almost all the study circles are functioning well. The Village Sunday Schools are being run regularly. And the light that was astir inside the union at the beginning of the year continues to burn with increased brightness.

K. M. MATHEW,
*General Secretary.*

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The Association celebrated Onam on 5th September. Dr. Chelanattu Achutha Menon was the chief guest at a grand tea party and in the evening an entertainment was held in the Anderson Hall. A play called ACHEN was staged and it was a great success.

The activities of the second term began with a Committee meeting held on 10th September In this meeting discussions with regard to the publication of KAIRALI KUMARI, the organ of the Association took place and a Committee was formed for conducting the magazine The Association also decided to hold competitions in Essay and Short Story writing in addition to an Elocution Competition.

On 18th Sept, a meeting was held at which Mr K Balakrishnan, Socialist leader, Travancore, addressed the gathering on TOWARDS A BETTER TOMORROW Vidwan P. A. Varier, B O L., presided.

A meeting was held on 26th Sept presided over by Mr. David V. George and Mr. Verghis Kalathil, M.A., Journalists Association president, Malabar, addressed the gathering on THE BURNING PROBLEMS OF TODAY.

We regret to have to say that Mr. M. N. Damodaran, the Joint Secretary resigned his post early in the second term and we have pleasure in recording our gratitude for all the good work he has done for the association.

P G. JOHN,
*Secretary.*

TAMIL SANGAM

As was announced in the previous issue, a special meeting was conducted on 30th of August, when Thiru A. S. GNANASAMBANDAM, M A, Professor in Tamil, Pachaiyappa's College, delivered a brilliant lecture on Kural, the student chairman presided. Again on the 31st of August, Thiru T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, M.A, B L., M O.L, spoke on the History of the language conflict in Tamil Nad The learned scholar, in his humorous speech, ably argued that English should continue to be the national language of India

In the beginning of this term, we conducted the Barathi Music Competition on 11th October and Subramanyam, Sama Rao and Thirumathi Meenakshi won the first, second and third prizes respectively.

The Barathi Day was celebrated on the 16th of October under the distinguished presidentship of Tamil Periyar Thiru V. Kaliyanasundaranar Thiru P. Thuran, (editor, Tamil Encyclopædia) gave an interesting speech on the life and works of the Poet Barathi.

A debate in Tamil was held on 19th October, in which several students took part.

Thiruvalluvar Day was celebrated on the 26th of October, when Thiru R. NEDUNCHEZHIAN, noted for his brilliant oratory in Tamil Nad, spoke on Valluvar Thiru K APPADURAI, M.A., L.T, presided.

We hope to celebrate the Ilango Adikal Day during the course of next week.

S. JAYASANKARAN,
*Secretary.*

V. PONNAMBALAM,
*Asst. Secretary.*

## ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

It is a matter of habit with the Editor, may be a habit grown out of sheer necessity, to call for the Reports even before half the term is over. So you must please excuse me if I take you back to the first term, as far back as August 31, 1949. to tell you of a very interesting seminar we had that day. C. R. Vydianathan, Hons V, read a long, but not at all boring, paper on the Dollar Crisis and Devaluation and as usual a lively discussion followed.

Here is something that I had not foreseen when I sent in the last report. An extraordinary meeting was held on Sept. 6, 1949, when Mr. C. W. B. Zacharias, Lecturer in Economics, Madras University, spoke on 'The Role of Foreign Capital in India.' K. Radhakrishna Menon presided.

After the Michaelmas Holidays, we have had only two seminars so far. The first was on Oct 18. M. K. Thavaraj, P.G. II, read a very profound essay on 'The Theory of Rent', but it didn't give rise to much of a discussion. The second seminar was on Oct. 26, when T. P. Subramonian, P.G. II, read an essay on 'The Theory of Profits', a masterly essay but couched in an unusually simple and clear language.

Much more might happen before the end of this term, which I will tell you in the next issue.

S. VAMADEVAN,
*Secretary.*

## SAMSKRIT ASSOCIATION

On Monday, 17th October 1949, Dr. T. M. P Mahadevan of the University of Madras addressed us on 'The Influence of Samskrit abroad.' With a background of his tour of the United States of America and Thailand, his lecture traced the influence of Samskrit in Germany, in America and in Thailand. He said that interest in India in general and in Samskrit in particular is not quite modern but dates back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when the learning of Samskrit was a means to imbibing the culture of India The translation of some of Samskrit Literature into their language by a German scholar, Roth, in collaboration with an American Professor, Whitney, was the beginning of the influence of Samskrit abroad, he said.

The study of Samskrit is the study of Indian Philosophy and Indian Culture which has its foundations in an age when most of the other nations were still nomads. It is unfortunate that our language which had opened up the latent interest of man in spiritual things in other countries, should be relegated to the background in our country. It is matter of grave concern that we are not giving our culture the proper regard due. Thus he exhorted us to take to the study of Samskrit and with a very fine conclusion of his impressions on Thailand, he exacted a good applause.

Then Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., our Samskrit Lecturer, gave us a very beautiful lecture on the theme of Dr. Mahadevan, asking us to study Samskrit to know India in bygone times. The Secretary proposed a vote of thanks.

We hope to have some more meetings this term.

S. KRISHNAMOORTHY SASTRY,
*Secretary.*

## ANDHRA BHASHABHIRANJANI SANGHAMU

The activities of the Sangham for this academic year began, as usual, in the first term, with the election of office-bearers The following were elected:

*President*—Mr. P. R. P Francis, M.A.
*Vice-President*—Vidvan A C. Kamakshi Rao, B.A., B.O.L.
*Student-Chairman*—G. V. Narapa Reddy.
*Secretary*—M. Radhakrishna Sarma.
*Assistant Secretary*—C. V. Narayana Rao.
*Class Representatives*:

| | |
|---|---|
| N S. Kuppuraju | Hons. and B.Sc. |
| Y Kota Reddy | IV B.A |
| Y. Venkata Reddy | III B.A. |
| C. V. Narayana Rao | II U.C. |
| H. Panduranga Reddy | I U.C. |

The inaugural address of the Sangham was delivered on 31st August 1949, by Sri

Devulapalli Krishna Sastri, the well-known Telugu Poet, when Mr. P. R. P. Francis, M.A., presided. The speaker traced the different stages in the development of Telugu literature and language and explained how our most illustrious Telugu Poet-Laureate, Sri Satavadhani Chellapilla Venkata Sastry, is the Father of 'The Modern Telugu Poet-world,' and how much he contributed to the richness of Andhra Literature. The President in his concluding remarks paid glowing tributes to the Telugu Poet-Laureate.

A debate was held on 13th October, when the subject of discussion was 'The Administration of the Present Government is undemocratic.' After a prolonged discussion, the resolution was carried. Mr. C. S. Venugopal Rao, M.A., was the observer.

We had another interesting debate on 31st October, when the subject of discussion was 'Higher Education without English is impossible'. Sharp and conflicting views were expressed by participants, and finally the resolution was carried. Our student-chairman was the observer. Representatives for the inter-collegiate debate were selected on this occasion.

Soon we hope to have a meeting, when The Hon'ble Mr. H. Sitarama Reddy will speak.

May I take this opportunity to thank those, whose co-operation had made the activities of the Sangham so far quite successful!

M. Radhakrishna Sarma,
*Secretary.*

## THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

A new branch of the Physical Science Association has been formed this year by the enthusiasm of Dr. S. V. Anantakrishnan. Its aim essentially is to hold seminars and discussions on topics allied to chemistry.

We started off rather unconventionally without a formal Inaugural meeting. At the first meeting, however, Dr. Anantakrishnan, chalked out plans for the working of the society with suggestions from the members.

Last week we had a meeting in which J. Raj Kumar Das spoke on 'Metallurgy and Metals'.

It is our earnest hope to hold weekly meetings of this type, affording the members ample opportunity to read papers on subjects they are particularly interested in. Our sincere thanks go to the members of staff without whose help and co-operation the society cannot hope to function efficiently.

K. Chellappa Pillay,
*Secretary.*

## NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

We began our activities, this year, with the inaugural address by Dr. K S. Panikkar, M.A., D.Sc., Chief Research officer, Central Fisheries, Southern Section. He spoke on the 'Mechanism of fluid regulation of animals' In spite of the Football and Tennis matches the meeting was largely attended.

The current year was a busy one for us because of the Science Exhibition. We have an excursion to Porto Novo, on November 4th–7th.

John Ninan,
*Secretary.*

## ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association were carried on along their usual course. There was a debate on the resolution—'Platonic Love is a Myth,' moved by P. V. Marthandam T. M. P. Nedungadi spoke against the resolution. The debate which followed was lively and interesting. The resolution was carried Mr. T. K Thomas, M.A., presided over the meeting.

We intend to invite eminent authorities to deliver lectures on subjects of literary interest Discussion meetings also will be held in which members will read papers on various subjects.

A. Kanakathungam,
M. Unni Krishnan,
*Secretaries.*

## FINE ARTS SOCIETY (FORMERLY CARNATIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION)

This society can boast of being the most active and lively society in the whole college At the very commencement of this term there was a Kalakshepam by Kalaivanar N S. Krishnan and party which was heard and appreciated by a record-breaking audience of 1,200. We are indeed indebted to Sri N. S Krishnan for having consented to entertain our students.

The next performance was by Gana Gandarva M. K. Thyagaraja Bagavathar. Some describe him as the Saigal of the South and the Bing Crosby of the East. He sang to an audience of about 800, who sat without stirring from their seats V. Sethuramiah who accompanied on the violin was excellent and so were S. V. S. Narayanan on the mridangam, K M. Vaidyanadhan on the ghatam and Veeruswamy on the kanjeera.

Between these two performances the annual competition in Carnatic Music was held on the 28th of October The number of competitors was not encouraging and we hope for an improvement in the coming years V N. Samarau was unanimously awarded the 1st prize and M E. Subramanian was placed second.

There will be one more performance this term Next term we definitely hope to manage a dance performance, by a popular artiste, with enhanced membership rates.

In conclusion, the secretaries regret to say that the performances were not appreciated in SILENCE and optimistically hope to note an improvement in the future. We heartily thank the President, committee members, volunteers and students for their kind co-operation.

V. N SAMA RAU,
P. K BALASUBRAMANIAN,
*Secretaries.*

K. BHASKARA,
*Asst Secretary.*

## ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

### A YEAR'S REPORT

To write about our Astronomical Society is to write about Dr. Kibble's kindness to us and his tremendous zeal and belief in making students learn things the practical way. The telescope, one of 4″ aperture, equatorially mounted on a tripod, with all its delicate adjustments completely outstripped even our wildest anticipations as to its dimensions. Unfortunately we never kept any record of our observations and I have only my memory to trust in giving the following account of our proceedings

The first day we learnt some of the constellations then visible. The first object we saw through the telescope was Gamma Persei, a beautiful binary, one of the components of which was orange yellow and the other steel blue. The great nebula in Andromeda disappointed us very much, appearing like a mere shadowy patch of light. We couldn't see any of the black streaks that establish its spiral nature. At this stage the telescope began to look very innocuous in our estimate till Dr. Kibble impressed upon us that photographs, taken with ample exposure even with small telescopes, offered much better definition of nebulae than what we could get by direct observation even though huge telescopes. However it was the telescope itself that offered us the most soothing solace when it showed us the brilliant gaseous nebula in Orion. The multiple star, Theta Orionis, was resolved easily into the 4 components forming the famous 'Trapezium'. Other objects, more or less brilliant, that greeted our efforts were Praesepe (the beehive cluster in Cancer), the cluster near Lambda Tauri, the Pleiades and the planet Saturn. It must be noted that we are now at an especially unfavourable epoch for the observation of Saturn's rings which are almost edge-on to the line of sight. No wonder we couldn't see the divisions in the rings. We had the consolation, however, of seeing Titan, a ninth magnitude satellite of Saturn. Besides these we saw a few galactic nebulae, the crab nebula in Taurus and a cluster in Monoceros We also saw the crescent

Venus, but it was not very impressive, the sky being slightly cloudy. Jupiter we did not see till October; we have now seen more than one of its satellites eclipsed.

One whole night we devoted to the observation of the moon, learning to recognise some of the more prominent craters and ridges. One other note-worthy object we viewed through the telescope was the great comet of which the first sight in Madras was on November 12, 1948. This has been reported in a previous issue of the Magazine.

M. PARTHASARATHY.

## THE QUIZ LEAGUE

The above league has been functioning with appalling success and victory since the beginning of this academic year.

The Rev R. S. Macnicol, M.A, kindly consented to be the president of this league.

Under his able presidentship we are sure to set up another record for this year, the previous one being $7\frac{1}{2}$ points.

R. DWARAKANATHAN,
*Captain.*

## THE RURAL SERVICE LEAGUE

*President.* Mr. Chandran Devanesen.

It is with pleasure that we record a summary of the events which have crowded the period under review.

The school which had its birth in the mango groves of Old Tambaram, nursed by Sri Aramvalarthan, was given a permanent shed last year and now completes its first year It has grown in strength. The total on the roll started with 30, grew into 84 and at present is 118. The School staff has been enlarged, and is now 3, conducting classes up to the fifth standard Necessary school materials have been provided, a new shed has been constructed and thus the school is equipped and spacious.

The manual labour branch cleaned the school compound, cut paths and has erected posts This is the first step in fencing the compound Gardening will be taken up next. Distribution of vegetable seeds in accordance with our Government's 'Grow more food' campaign has produced expected results. Home gardens are springing up and adorn the village

We are fortunate in having Sri Appana, the newly elected secretary for cottage industries. He has succeeded in reviving the spinning industry. Spinning is the handicraft taught in our school. A visit to the R S L centre—a centre of activity—will prove to you its own importance Village youth are trained in the art of weaving. There is a constant inflow of such raw recruits and outflow of them as finished products, fit to earn their bread We are grateful to Sri Stephen, the college accountant, for auditing the accounts of the Rural centre, every month

Thanks to Sri Sampath and his group, there has been a successful organisation of medical aid. Their attempt at raising the sanitary conditions of the village has not been in vain.

We are indebted to the members of the 'Valibar Sangam' in general and its president Sri Arumugam Vathiar in particular, for having extended their whole-hearted co-operation in making our work in the village fruitful. The generosity of the 'Tamil Kali Nelyam' in distributing magazines helps the youth to keep abreast of their times Regular discussion groups are expected to be organised within the Sangam in the near future. Football has been popularised in the village through the help of the Sangam members We thank 'Uberois' for their generous gift of a new football.

A village map is under construction. Sri Kuppuraj has undertaken to make a census of the village.

We hold workers' meetings regularly where analysis of the various means of approach to the rural problems both in its practical and theoretical aspects come up for discussion We hope to have a talk by Sri Gnanapragasam, the Harijan Welfare Officer, Saidapet, during the course of this term.

We hope that the school will be a permanent link between the intellectual student gathering of the college and the toiling masses of the village. Let it also stand as

a testimony to the workers who, in a humble way, show their humanitarian spirit unbiased by sectarian interests The workers of the R.S.L. Serve and Learn and Learn and Serve. Join the R.S L. and contact the true children of Mother India!

V. PONNAMBALAM,
*General Secretary.*

## HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION

Last term we were fairly active. The office-bearers of this association are:

*President.*—Prof. Chandran Devanesen, M.A.
*Student-Chairman.*—Miss C. N. Radha.
*Secretary.*—N. S. Kuppu Raju.

Our association was inaugurated on 11-8-'49, by Prof. Balakrishnan Nair of Presidency College, with the Student-Chairman in the Chair. He spoke on 'Religion and Politics in Free India.' We had a Seminar on 25-8-'49, when M. Abel read a paper on 'India and the Commonwealth.' On 8-9-'49 we conducted a symposium on 'A New World Order'. Swamidas moved the proposition We had a lively discussion on the subject, and the members of the fairer sex vehemently asserted that because of the inequality between man and woman (which, we are legitimately proud, does not exist amidst us), there was chaos and confusion in the world.

Mr. K. G. Sivaswami, Vice-President of the All India Civil Liberties Council, spoke on 'Compensation under New Indian constitution', during the first week of second term. A debate was conducted on 25-10-'49, the subject being, 'Our foreign policy must be adherent to the Anglo-American Bloc.' The motion was lost, when put to vote. Our team, consisting of George Isaac and N. S. Kuppu Raju, took part in the inter-collegiate debate, conducted by the History Association, Pachaiyappa's College, on 27-10-'49, and though we did not win the prize, which went to Pachaiyappa's College, we put up a good performance. Incidently, this is the first time that we competed in that contest.

We went on a visit, on 28-10-'49, to the Madras Museum. Under the guidance of our Prof V Titus Verghese, M.A, we were able to see the rare coins, which were in circulation during different ages.

We went on a very pleasant excursion on 5-11-'49, to the historic Mahabalipuram; an account with photographs will appear in the next number of the Magazine.

N. S KUPPU RAJU,
*Secretary.*

# COLLEGE SERVICE

## LIST OF PREACHERS—SECOND TERM

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| October | 9 | ... | Dr. E. Forrester Paton, Christu-Kula Ashram, Tirupattur. |
| " | 16 | ... | Rev Dr. S. Estborn, Principal, Gurukul, Madras. |
| " | 23 | ... | Rev. G Paul David. |
| " | 30 | ... | Dr. M. A. Thangaraj. |
| November | 6 | ... | Rev. R. S. Macnicol. |
| " | 13 | ... | Dr. W. F. Kibble. |
| " | 20 | ... | Rev. J. R. Macphail. |
| " | 27 | ... | Rev. T. R. Foulger, Principal, Meston Training College. |
| December | 4 | ... | Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd—Christmas Service. |

# ATHLETICS

## HOCKEY

This year began with terrific influx of the juniors into the realm of hockey—all exhibiting so keen an enthusiasm to enter the team and giving such a magnificent display of their talents that it took nearly three weeks to finally select the team. We started right away with a practice match against the Railway colony and flushed with victory challenged the R.I.A.F. for a match only to meet at their hands a defeat which left us a bit disconcerted and moody. Then we tackled the Chromepet team and regained our confidence by beating them With this preliminary experience to guide us we entered the Inter-collegiate League matches right earnestly, the first fixture being against Pachaiyappa's. Till the last fifteen minutes we were leading them by two to nil. But towards the end they managed to score four goals in quick succession and won the match. A trifle discouraged by this unexpected turn of affairs we met Stanley Medicals and beat them easily. The Madras Medicals, our next opponents, were decidedly a heavier team and thus managed to beat us by three to nil. Thereafter we enjoyed a series of successes beginning with a draw with the Engineering who at present are the probable winners of the shield. The Law, the Polytechnic, the Veterinary, the Muslims' and the Teachers'—all one by one went down before our might. We have yet to play Loyola and Presidency—the former being looked forward to eagerly for if we beat them—as we hope to—we are sure to come second on the table.

The Stokes' Shield Tournaments started with a remarkable match against the Presidency on the 3rd. Thanks to the excellent form everyone of us struck that day we beat them by four to one. We are looking forward to meet Stanley Medicals in the semi-finals and if successful to meet Loyola in the finals.

As for our team we are a jolly lot when everything is said and done, never striking a jarring note either off field or on field, and enjoying an atmosphere of mutual regard and general goodwill. We have Bonjour, the baby of the team but quite a baffling phenomenon to the defence of the opposing team. Clever with his stick and insistent in his attack he is really an asset to the forward line of our team. Mr. Hensman has returned as a member of the staff and so far has done us a lot of good with his experience as a hockey player. Then there is Cyril Philip whom I must congratulate on being selected as the Vice-Captain of the University team. Freddie Packianathan deserves special mention as a goalie who averted many a crisis and helped us out of many a trying situation. Selvaraj with his rapidity, Jacob George with his stylish display, Sunder, the heaviest part of the team with his solid game, Kushalappa as the full back, Royan as the left extreme and finally Alwar as an energetic, tireless half back—all these have thrown in their share of talents in making what has been a most pleasant and agreeable year.

R. Fewkes,
*Captain.*

## VOLLEY BALL

It is with the greatest pleasure and gratification that we look at the progress made by our team this term. It gives us not a little encouragement for the future to find that we have established ourselves as the most formidable team in the inter-collegiate matches this year also. We had easy victories in all the matches we played and this itself bears an eloquent testimony to our magnificent team work. In this connection I have to mention J. B. Joseph who is undoubtedly the outstanding player of the team. Balarama Menon always comes with his best in all the matches. On the whole we are now far better in team-work and finish than we were at the beginning of the year.

Since we have been maintaining a very high standard of play in the game for the past so many years and since it is up to us to keep up the tradition, I wish that everyone who is interested in the game turns up to the Court in the evening for practice.

I thank Mr. C. A. Abraham for the valuable guidance and encouragement he has been giving us throughout and also Dr. M. A. Thangaraj, our patron, who is so keenly interested in our progress.

I ardently wish and hope that the same teamwork and the same standard of display in the team would continue and lead us from victory to victory this year too.

P. J. PAUL,
*Captain.*

CRICKET

We are proud, that for the fourth year in succession, Christian College has been honoured with the captainship of the University cricket team. Credit is due to Kannayiram, who led his team admirably last year, to be captain once again for the second successive year. He further enhanced his reputation as an all rounder, playing against the Commonwealth Team, for the Indian Universities XI. Chinnadorai and C. D. Gopinath are the others in the Madras University Team. Chinnadorai the University opening bat, is a very delightful player excelling in strokes on the off.

Regarding our collegiate matches this term, we met with our first reverse against Loyola College. Rains the previous day had an adverse effect on our pitch and when we were put in to bat, we were skittled out cheaply Loyola made up the required runs to win the match for the loss of seven wickets. We also lost to Engineering College being once again unfortunate to bat first on a soft pitch.

We registered easy victories over the Polytechnic and Law College skittling them out for the low scores of 51 and 69 respectively. This was mainly due to the extremely good bowling of Kannayiram and J. F. Josephs. V. Balakrishnan who is shaping well as a slow bowler added good support.

Before concluding I must congratulate Kannayiram on having been recommended by the M.C A., for inclusion in the South Zone Team which is to meet the North Zone at Calcutta. We wish him the very best of luck.

C. D. GOPINATH,
*Captain.*

SOCCER

A great leeway has been made up during this term. We have risen considerably higher in the league table. We had again a good share in the University Football Team with three men in it. C. R. D. James and P. C. George are the new caps with Canagalingam playing for the fourth year in the team and now the Vice-Captain.

As we promised, we proved that we are a force to be reckoned with in the Wilson Cup Tourney. We came near to victory but in the last few minutes of the Final, we lost to the Pachaiyappa's, no doubt a superior team, to whom our congratulations are due. Had our forwards showed any combination and found their objective at least once, we would have wrested the game with the powerful defence we have with us

The match against the Government Arts College whom we beat 3–0, served as good practice and the following afternoon we 'sprang a surprise' by beating the Champions, Stanley Medical College, in a very fast and exciting game. With a goal in arrears in the first ten minutes we fought back valiantly and levelled up through a goal scored by Chinnadorai, when the interval came. After the restart the game became very tense with both the sides attempting to forge ahead. Our forwards played a good game with better understanding. In a sudden spurt James broke through in good style to give us the lead. The Stanley Medical attacked with full vigour and our defence kept them at bay till the end. P. C George, the University blue, was a tower of strength, aided by the wily Cherian who was an extremely clever tackler The half-line was always sound with P. S George playing like a veteran. Eapen Abraham who came back to the

team after a period of dormancy, proved a valuable asset always excelling in keeping the raiding forwards at good distance. All said, our goalkeeper proved invincible with his uncanny anticipation and safe gathering. The end of the game saw the Doctors still fighting hard and we ran out winners amidst excitement. A well earned victory that will ever be remembered by all who saw the game.

Pachaiyappa's won a decisive battle after a very keen game. Though vanquished, we were not disgraced. The honours went again to our defence who put in a plucky and spirited fight. Our forward line showed little combination and even the sporadic efforts of Gangadharan and E J. Mathew did not bear fruit. Charlie played, on the outside right, a very spirited game. In contrast to the forward play, the defence shone with P. C. George and K. C. Cherian playing magnificently to lend good support to Canagalingam who came away with flying colours. We returned home with the satisfaction of being the runners-up.

THOMAS VERGHESE,
*Captain.*

BASKET BALL

During this term we have not lost a single match and most of our victories were won with a very wide margin. Let the score board speak for itself

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Against | Indian Medicine ... | 81–3 |
| | Muslim ... | 86–10 |
| | Teachers ... | 52–2 |

The game against Veterinary was easily the best of the term. It was, indeed, a tough game and the score was 32–20.

Mathew Joseph, our ace forward was in most matches the top scorer. His lightning passes have often helped us to double our score. Johnson Daniel, a new addition to our team did very well in the few matches he played. Chandrapandyan, our centre, kept the forwards on the move all the time and has been the pet of many a crowd. Our defence has often been impregnable. C John and D. Jacob, our star backs, have disappointed many of the advancing forwards and kept our forward line 'well-fed'.

C. A Alexander, C John and Mathew Joseph have been selected for the Varsity Team

We cannot forget, before concluding, our great indebtedness to Mr. C A. Abraham for his patient coaching and to Dr. Thangaraj for his 'timely tips'.

C. A. ALEXANDER,
*Captain.*

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